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Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1903

Rev. Willard T. Perrin
Boston District, New England Conference

Rev. Andrew J. Coultas
Providence District, N. E. Southern Conference

Rev. Ammi S. Ladd
Lewiston District, Maine Conference

Rev. Charles S. Nutter
St. Albans District, Vermont Conference

Rev. Thomas F. Jones
Rockland District, East Maine Conference

Rev. Jesse M. Durrell
Dover District, New Hampshire Conference

Presiding Elders' Convention in Boston, December 9

See Other Portraits on Pages 1539 and 1540

W. F. M. S. Notes

— Our new Branch missionary, Miss Siddell, has gone to the Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow.

— Mrs. Jesse Wagner has accepted the position of president of the Cambridge District, where her name has long been loved as an efficient worker.

— The last chapter of "Lux Christi," which we study this month, gives the array of the forces of darkness and the forces of light. Every Christian woman in this Branch should ponder these facts carefully.

— The ushers at the General Executive Meeting at Baltimore wore white dresses with ribbons of the Society color. At the communion they came forward in a body to the table, showing that their effective service was inspired by the best motive.

— The missionaries at Nagoya, Japan, have a true Thanksgiving over the payment of the debt on their school building, which stands in the very stronghold of Buddhism. Last year 54 pupils were in attendance.

— The schools in the island of Hai Tang, near Foochow, China, are doing excellent work. A children's band assumes one-half of the support of such a beacon-light, but some one else is needed to give the other half ($15 a year) which it costs to carry on a school.

— During the twenty-six years of the existence of our school for girls in Pachuca, Mexico, more than 3,000 have come under its influence. This city is the centre of a great mining district, where evangelizing agencies are sorely needed.

— One of our Bible women in Korea, who is especially useful in teaching the Gospel to the waiting patients at the dispensary, had her right hand and nose cut off by her husband. The tender care which she received from the medical missionary led her to accept Christ and to turn her energies to spread the story. Such incidents as this show why our Korean Mission is advancing so grandly.

— Our missionaries in Rhodesia write of the calls to administer to the sick, of cases where they are called to the kraals of the chief, and of their sadness in finding that intoxicating drink has been introduced among the people. We can get all the girls to train that we want. Only the means to support them is lacking. It costs $45 a year to put one of these girls in school.

— Word has just come from Miss Stephens of the conversion of two high-caste women. One was of age, and so was allowed by the police to decide to be a Christian, in spite of the mob of five hundred people who surrounded the mission, demanding that she should be returned by force to her heathen surroundings. The other was a girl of thirteen, and by the advice of the police she was returned to her parents. What her fate will be, no one can tell. Surely we should unite in earnest prayer that God will soften the hearts of her heathen relatives, so that she may be allowed, when of age, to confess Christ.

— The new auxiliary at St. James', Springfield, is very cordially welcomed. The ideal is that all the women of Methodism within our borders should have some share in the extension of the Gospel. Any desiring information, so that they may begin work, either as an auxiliary, a mite-box circle, or as individual contributors, are invited to write to the home secretary, Miss Clementina Butler, at Newton Centre, Mass., and helps will be sent.

— The appeal for the sorely-needed well for our Orphanage at Bassim, India, has met with a response. Some one offers to give the last $50 for this beautiful object. Now where are those who will help on the $150? As you enjoy the sparkling water which comes to you in such bountiful measure, remember these eight children cast on our care, with no water supply nearer than two miles!

— The new station for our work in North China, Ch'ang Li, which will have the Lucy A. Alderman Memorial School, is situated on the railroad to Pekin, and so will be what the Bishop has called 'easily egressible" in case of another Boxer disturbance. Tsun-Hua being far from any railroad, it was judged unwise to place a boarding-school and home for missionaries there, so the work will be carried on at Ch'ang Li, with itinerating through the Tsun-Hua District.

— The Mary Ann Cox Memorial in Guanajuato, Mexico, is not yet completed, but is far enough advanced for the school and the missionaries to enter. It is a great relief to have this work moved into the fine building after working at such disadvantage in unhealthful surroundings. Miss Limberger, of the Puebla school, is visiting in New England, and we hope that she may be heard in many of our churches.

— The organ of the Salvation Army in India gives an account of the demolition of an idol temple at Kuttukal. The headman of the village delivered the belongings of the temple to the Christian, saying: "We have worshiped and served these gods all our lives, but from this day forward we wish it known that we renounce all but the worship of Jesus, and as a sign of our determination we hand over to you the sacred temple articles."

— See Kipling's note on page 186 of "Lux Christi," and realize how much we have to do as Christian women in placing the Gospel leaven in the mass of heathenism — that leaven which will work out in agencies for the uplifting of the oppressed, for the enforcement of righteous laws, in the release of those who are bound, and the relief of those who suffer. Mrs. Archibald says: "I have been in India twenty years, and if I had twenty lives more, I would give them all for India. There is no work which God has given to woman which exceeds in beauty and grandeur the work which is to be done by women for the women of India."

— Miss Ella Glover, the Standard Bearers' missionary for the New England Southern Conference, is doing evangelistic work in the districts surrounding Tsun-Hua. Dr. Terry goes in one direction, and Miss Glover in another, so covering as much territory as possible. Miss Glover is also training Chinese women as Bible readers. In the set of pictures accompanying the study of China with which we begin the new year, is a photograph of Dr. Terry in her traveling outfit — a rude cart without springs, covered after the fashion of the old prairie schooner, in which she stows her bedding and necessary supplies. Her faithful helper is seen on the front seat. Auxiliaries interested in Dr. Terry's work will prize this picture.

— The district meeting at Taunton had the pleasure of welcoming the newly-elected Branch president, Mrs. John Legg. All present were delighted with her words of encouragement and plans for the year. New England Branch must have $5,000 more from the auxiliaries than it raised last year, or we must cut down work, as we cannot call on any reserve funds as we have been able to do in the past. Therefore we urge every member to try to secure another, and each pastor to see that there is some sort of W. F. M. S. work in his church.

— A missionary writes: "Among the delightful changes which Christianity has brought to Japan is the appreciation of good music. In the early history of Japan the people did not care to sing. The songs were immoral, and so were relegated to the dancing girls. But there is an innate love for music in the hearts of these progressive people, and they are learning to discriminate and to appreciate good music; and so it has come about that there is a music department in this W. F. M. S. school. Our girls sing well, carrying the parts easily and harmoniously. Some one has said that the unregenerate Japanese are 'sweet bells out of tune.' Thank God, sisters, that we may help to put them in tune!"

— At Poona our medical missionary had a very distressing case. A sick child was brought by its mother, and after treatment the doctor told the mother to take the child home, put him in a hot bath, wrap him in a blanket, and put him into bed. Alas! there was neither blanket, bed, nor home. They were living on the ground under a tree.

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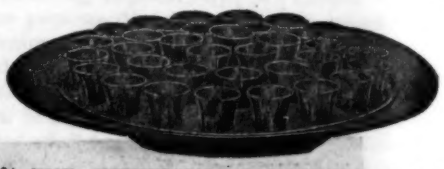

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Social Science in Practice

THE Children's Aid Society of New York has for a long number of years been putting social science into practice in an admirable manner. According to the report of the secretary, Charles Loring Brace, presented at the recent annual meeting, it appears that the Society maintains industrial schools in which 15,816 children are enrolled, lodging-houses which sheltered during the last year 4,302 boys and girls, and a sick children's mission which treated 1,522 patients; that it has given help to over 10,000 children in their homes, and summer outings of a week each to nearly 9,000 children; that it has placed 533 children permanently in family homes, helped 428 boys and girls with their parents to emigrate, and maintained 692 boys at the farm school. The Society has had to contend in its work with the problems created by an influx during the year ending June last of 631,885 immigrants entering the port of New York, the most helpless of whom have remained in the city, while only the more ambitious have passed on. Of these immigrants the secretary says that they are not depraved or degenerate, but many of them are of the rugged peasant class, having in them the making of good citizens. The Children's Aid Society is not actuated by a false sentimentality, but by a conscientious fidelity to the one aim of creating out of the rude and crude materials which immigration brings to these shores the valuable product of a true American citizenship.

Invasion of Tibet

TIBET, which has always been much more of a "hermit kingdom" than Korea, is about to be invaded in earnest by an English force of considerable strength, by way of a kind of armed diplomatic reconnoissance. For some time past — indeed, since the Tibetans sent an emissary to China to spy out the land and to discover its weakness at the time of the disciplinary *régime* of the Powers in Pekin — the control of China over Tibet has been scarcely more than nominal. Through Russian intrigues the Llama has been exalted in pride, not only above China, but also above England, and despite some not wholly disinterested warnings to the contrary, has rebuffed the advances of an embassy despatched from India under Colonel Younghusband. Undismayed by his cold reception on the frontier, Colonel Younghusband has resumed his march toward the fastnesses of Tibet with a column largely reinforced, and is now likely to penetrate farther into those gloomy mountains. The fact that some Tibetans are Russian subjects makes it easier for the Czar to gain the ear of the Grand Llama than for the English to approach him. The intrigues of Russia and England against one another with respect to Tibet seem rather ludicrous in view of the fact that an invasion of Russia from India or of India from Russia by way of Tibet, would be about as practicable as an inroad *via* the mountains of the moon. There is, however, a certain amount of trade between Tibet and India which the English would like to foster, and it is not unlikely that a part of the *motif* in the expeditionary advance of Colonel Younghusband's unwearied column is supplied by the desire to add to the world's geographical and ethnographical knowledge of Lhassa, the "Bethlehem of Buddhism."

Jury Trial in India

WHILE it is not seriously proposed in England, and certainly not in India, to abolish trial by jury in the Indian Empire, it is freely admitted by those most competent to judge that that method of legal procedure is far from having proved the panacea for the ailments of the commonwealth which it has been supposed to be. The view is boldly expressed by some students of Indian life that trial by jury, while good for adult societies, may work mischief when forced upon a community which has not had the necessary preliminary training. In India it has often served as a shield and protection for wealthy or powerful criminals, who by menaces or the pressure of secret organizations have compelled juries systematically to forswear themselves. The juries have often proved to be the favorite instruments of the demagogue, and certain classes of crimes have gone almost unpunished because their advocates have been enabled to appeal to social sentiments which paralyze the performance of civic duties. Sir Charles Elliott, lieutenant-governor of Bengal, some ten years ago went so far as to propose to exclude certain classes of offences from trial by jury, but such a hue and cry of protest was raised as to necessitate the hasty abandonment of the idea. A number of prominent foreign lawyers in India openly express regret that the jury system was ever imported from England, so many have been the mistakes and scandals which the system practically has fostered. Once planted in a country the jury system can hardly be uprooted. The only hope for the improvement of its working in India lies in the possible elevation of the general moral tone of the people.

Expedition to the Himalayas

THE expedition organized by Dr. W. H. Workman to the northwest Himalayas has returned after reaching an altitude of 23,394 feet. The expedition was highly successful, and has added considerably to the world's knowledge of glacier phenomena and of the topographical, geological, and scientific features of that massive and imposing range of mountains. After traversing the whole length of the Hoh Lumba glacier, which lies between the Hispar and Chogo Lungma glaciers, and climbing some immense ice slopes and snow passes, the party investigated three snow peaks which encompass the Chogo Lungma glacier, and which tower from 17,000 to 20,000 feet in height. During the ascent barometric, hypsometric, and thermometric surveys were carried out. The great feat accomplished was the ascent by Dr. Workman and two guides of a peak which by careful observations was shown to have an altitude of 23,394 feet — some 300 feet higher than the summit of Mt. Aconcagua. This remarkable achievement of Dr. Workman creates a new record in mountain-climbing, as the record has hitherto been held by those who have gained the summit of Mt. Aconcagua. The Baltocho glacier was also explored, a snow pass being discovered at a height of 17,000 feet which leads to the Kero Lungma. Throughout the whole of the expedition readings of the sun temperature, by means of the black bulb thermometer, were sedulously taken, besides numerous striking and valuable photographs.

Development of the Telephone

FEW people have any intelligent appreciation of the magnitude and mechanical perfection of the telephone plants throughout the country. The amount of line built and maintained by the companies working the Bell system averages 3.29 miles to each instrument, and, excluding the long-distance lines, 50 per cent. of the wire is underground. When a call is made, the average amount of line placed at the disposal of the person who makes it is 6.58 miles. In speaking from Boston to Omaha the apparatus used represents an investment of $283,000, the services of nine skilled operators being required to make the necessary connections, and the weight of the copper wire in the connection being 1,131,000 pounds. That

the human voice can transmit vibrations through this immense mass of metal which are caught by a delicate instrument at the other end seems little less than miraculous. The greatest concentration of value in a small space in the telephone system, however, is seen in the central station equipment. The modern switchboard is a marvel of complexity in design and construction. It is the evolution of a quarter of a century, resulting from the collaboration of many experts working with the same definite end in view. Even with the advantage of modern machinery and skill in manufacture it requires as long to build and install a switchboard as to build and equip a merchantman for foreign trade, the time consumed being in some cases two and a half years, and the cost varying from $500 per square foot for the smaller installations adequate for cities of 50,000 inhabitants to $1,200 per square foot for the larger switchboards. Constant repairs, replacements and extensions rapidly deteriorate the switchboard, and the progress of invention soon renders the costly apparatus obsolete. The Bell system provides for 9,322,951 calls per day — or nearly 2,500 calls a year originating at each telephone in service. As one telephone is called for each one used, the average employment of each telephone in use is 5,000 times a year.

Sex in Handwriting

AN interesting by-study in psychophysiology has recently been undertaken by M. Alfred Binet, of the Sorbonne in Paris, which goes to show that the sex of a writer may generally be determined with accuracy from the handwriting, both by expert graphologists and by laymen. In the opinion of an expert, M. Jamin, to whom M. Binet submitted the written materials he collected, the written sign with women is awkward and often uncouth and careless, an affected, complicated form of chirography being frequently illustrated, while in the writing of men clearness, firmness, surety and simplicity are characteristic. The graphologists agree in asserting that written signs contain clear sexual indications. A curious fact apparently established in connection with these investigations in France is that in the case of the handwriting of old persons it is difficult to determine the sex of the writer.

Fireproof Elevated Cars

THE recent disastrous rear-end collision which occurred on the Brooklyn Elevated Railway in the evening of Nov. 17, by which a motorman and a conductor were killed and some half a dozen passengers seriously injured, has precipitated a lively discussion as to the question of fireproofing cars, and also of protecting the deadly third rail, past which at the peril of their lives so many passengers in time of disaster have been obliged to pick their way to the nearest station. The *Scientific American* sounds a note of warning, and urges the absolute necessity of a law compelling the use of fireproof metallic cars, proved by an actual fire-test to be incombustible, and substantially constructed so as to be able to withstand the shock of a collision, on both elevated and underground railways. Third-rail electric traction as carried on today in many cities is full of dangers, and despite signals, automatic devices, and all precautions and orders, the failure of a single individual to perform his duty, either from neglect or accident, has in many instances precipitated disasters of the most terrible kind. Legislation is also needed to ensure the protection of third rails, which, if they will not cease arcing in case of short circuits, will at least be incapable of setting anything afire, or of giving death-dealing shocks to passengers who are attempting to escape.

Uganda Railway Report

THE report of the Uganda Railway Committee for 1902-1903 has just been issued, and shows that the earthworks of the line are nearly finished, that 27 large viaducts were erected during the year, and that all the bridges and culverts for a distance of 948 miles have been completed. The station buildings have been finished throughout the line. There are 43 stations, including Mombasa, the terminus at the coast, Port Florence, the terminus on the lake, the headquarters, and four other engine-changing stations. Twenty-two small locomotives, worn out by construction service, have been retired from duty, but 18 new engines, some of them built in the United States, have been fitted with automatic brakes. Brakes of this improved pattern are also very sensibly being fitted to the whole of the passenger cars, and to a part of the freight cars or "goods vehicles."

Lightless Photographic Prints

TWO German inventors, Ostwald and Gros, of Leipzig, have given the name "katatypes" to prints made by them from photographic negatives without the aid of light. The process is based on the properties of peroxide of hydrogen, and on the formerly mysterious chemical phenomenon which is known as "katalysis." By this latter term is meant the production of a chemical reaction by means of a substance which itself undergoes no chemical change. It is now believed that such chemical reactions would take place of themselves, though with almost infinite slowness, and that the function of the "katalyzer" is to make the reaction rapid enough to be perceptible to our senses, possibly overcoming some unknown resistance to the reaction, thus acting as a kind of chemical unguent. Most of the chemical changes which are apparently wrought by light are of this sort. Since, then, the function of light in photography is simply that of an accelerator, or a "katalyzer," it may be replaced by other katalyzers. There are few substances more susceptible of katalytic action than peroxide of hydrogen. In practice the negative is flowed with an ethereal solution of the peroxide, which is decomposed wherever it comes in contact with the silver film, and the evaporation of the resulting water leaves on the plate an invisible picture in unaltered peroxide which is densest where the negative is least dense, and is therefore a positive. The subsequent processes are of great variety. The advantages claimed for the "katatype" are that it makes the photographer independent of the uncertainty of natural light, and of the inconvenience and expense of artificial illumination, and that it dispenses with all sensitized and therefore perishable papers.

Length of Life Increasing

THE average length of human life, according to Dr. G. M. Kober, professor of hygiene in Georgetown University, D. C., has doubled within the past three centuries. In the sixteenth century it was between eighteen and twenty years, while today it is forty. The principal agencies in the prolongation of human life are the paying of greater attention to the air that is breathed, and more care as to drinking water. This view is sustained by the statistics of three large cities, which show that, owing to better sanitation, the introduction of sewers, and the improvement of public water supplies, their rates of mortality within the past forty years have been reduced to about one-half of the former rate.

Situation in the Far East

INTENSE irritation continues to be felt in China over the Russian aggressions in Manchuria, and the viceroys and governors of thirteen provinces outside of Pi-chi-li have offered to the throne to send 90,000 foreign drilled troops to fight the Russians. While a *modus vivendi* between Russia and Japan appears to have been arranged for the winter — that season of enforced peace when the ports of the high northern latitutes are ice-ribbed and the snows lie deep over the Balkans as well as over the steppes of Siberia — Russia is taking no chances, but is massing three-quarters of her whole naval force in the Pacific and is still forwarding troops by rail into Manchuria. Japan, by the constraining influence of other Powers, has been dissuaded from aggressive action against Russia, and has adopted a policy with regard to Manchuria which may be described as a kind of procrastinating protest. Korea still remains the real bone of contention, and may yet prove to be the bloody battleground of the Moscovites and the Japs, with possibly Chinese reinrorcements thrown in as a makeweight on the side of the Asiatic defence.

Bristow Postal Report

THE report of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow, which was given out for publication on Monday last, asserts that in 1893 a great conspiracy to loot the Government was started in the Post Office Department, and that the conspiracy spread into division after division, until wholesale robbery of the people to the extent of millions became a regular and recognized feature of the letting of contracts. As a result of the investigation four officers and employees have resigned, and thirteen have been removed. Forty-four indictments have been found, involving thirty-one persons. It is recommended that all traveling agents of the Department should be placed under one organization, and that a number of changes should be made in order to provide a more perfect check upon the operations of the various divisions. Tyner, Machen and Beavers are named as the chief of-

fenders, and Mr. Bristow declares that the summary dismissal of Perry S. Heath would have been amply justified. The report is accompanied with a memorandum by President Roosevelt, in which he pays a high tribute to the work of Mr. Bristow, and declares that every offender will be punished to the full extent of the law. He closes with an appeal to public sentiment to check the prevalence of crime. Perry S. Heath in a published reply calls Mr. Bristow his enemy, and refers to his own heavy labors while connected with the Department.

Turkey Accepts Reforms

THE Austrian and Russian Ambassadors at Constantinople received last week from the Porte a reply to the recent joint note sent to Turkey demanding the reform of the Macedonian administration, declaring that Turkey accepts the nine points of the memorandum, "while reserving the right to enter into negotiations on the subject in order to arrive at an understanding regarding the details of the application of the measures in such manner as not to impair the independence, sovereign rights and prestige of the Government or the maintenance of the *status quo*." The stipulation is made that in the application of the reform scheme everything calculated to humiliate Turkey shall be avoided. The Turkish reply, which was only determined upon after an all-night council of ministers — an almost unheard-of proceeding in Stamboul — has produced a favorable impression in diplomatic circles. The article in the reform scheme most obnoxious to Turkey was that providing for the appointment of two foreign civil agents, or "assessors," one Russian and the other Austrian, who are to accompany the imperial inspector-general everywhere, and keep account of his movements, reporting from time to time to their home Governments as to the exact condition of the Christian population in Macedonia.

Romancing About Radium

THE romancing about radium continues. The latest sensation is the announcement that Sir William Ramsay, one of the most eminent of European chemists, has demonstrated that radium, itself assumed to be an element, gives off another element, which is helium. Helium has been defined as a gas, which derives its name from the sun. Its presence was discovered at an eclipse when a spectroscope was applied to the tongues of flame that dart out from behind the moon, coming from the hidden sun. The presence of helium in radium was known six months ago. The news that Sir William Ramsay has succeeded in "changing radium into helium" has been exaggerated by some into the report that the alchemist's dream of turning metals into gold might at last be realized. As a matter of hard fact no sufficient evidence has as yet been adduced for the assumption that one element can be changed into another. In the first place the very point whether radium itself is an "element" has yet to be established. Little is really known about helium and less about radium. The eyes that looked upon a lump of pure radium would probably be blinded and the hands that touched it burned off. Probably no one has yet secured pure radium. The fact that radium may be mixed with helium makes the sensational story from London weak. Hence a caution must be observed in giving credence to or drawing monistic deductions from the remarkable story that Professor Ramsay has gathered helium into little flasks, measured it, and weighed it, and that it is actually given off, or "radiated," like a heavy gas, from radium, and that, moreover, when confined ever so securely, it by-and-by utterly vanishes. Wholly premature is the hypothesis jumped at by some that these real or supposed performances of radium afford a support for the view that science is being driven rapidly and irresistibly to the monistic doctrine that all things are in essence one, and that all supposed substances are but the manifestations or modifications of a single agent or force. Meanwhile radium, whatever it is, is being quoted at nearly $4,000,000 an ounce (although a little of it will go a great way), and it may in time prove still more costly. American pitchblende, though not altogether devoid of radium, contains less of it than do some of the European ores. As yet radium is little more than a scientific curiosity.

Attitude of Colombia

THE Colombian Foreign Minister, Carlos Rico, in a note to Minister Beaupre, declares that his Government considers the recognition of "the so-called Republic of Panama" by the United States to be premature, and a violation both of the treaty of 1846 and of international law. The claim is made that Colombia is "primarily the sovereign State," and it is announced that she will not only carry on the struggle, but is certain of being victorious if the United States does not interfere. "Even should the United States ignore the obligations of the treaty of 1846," the hope is expressed that it will "remain neutral, not impeding the efforts of Colombia to bring the Panamanians into submission, and abstaining from any recognition of the rebels as belligerents." General Reyes, the special envoy from Colombia to the United States, arrived in Washington last Saturday.

Capture of Santo Domingo

THE city of Santo Domingo capitulated to the revolutionists, Nov. 24, after severe fighting. Former President Wos y Gil and the members of his cabinet have left for St. Thomas on a German warship. The marine guard of the United States warship "Newport," which had been landed for the protection or American citizens, has been withdrawn, and everything is quiet at Santo Domingo. The revolution has had the effect of calling out from Minister Powell a significant and vigorously worded remonstrance, in which he warned San Dominicans that this country cannot look with forbearance upon periodical revolutions because "they interrupt commercial relations with other countries and augment the debt of Santo Domingo, which is without means to pay foreign creditors." The new president, General Juan Jiminez, is popular throughout the country.

Facts Worth Noting

Thirty-seven per cent. of the American people now live in cities of more than four thousand inhabitants.

Five hundred cotton-cloth weavers at Burnley, England, struck last week as a protest against "the Americanization of the weaving industry."

The Emperor William has withdrawn his offer of a cup for a transatlantic yacht race in 1904, on account of his health, and has substituted for it the offer of a cup to be raced for in 1905.

M. Oishi, a former Japanese Minister, has protested, in a public speech which has attracted much attention, against the incessant increase in the Russian Government forces in the Far East. He would demand the instant stoppage of these reinforcements under threat of war.

Spain has taken the first step toward a breach of relations with Venezuela, having withdrawn the exequators of all Venezuelan consuls in Spain. It is surmised that this action has been take because of the ill-treatment accorded the Spanish Minister to Venezuela as a result of the Mexican-Venezuelan arbitration, and of the disrespect shown to the Spanish consul at La Guayra.

The old jail at Carthage, Ill., in which the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, and his brother, Hiram, were killed by a mob in June, 1844, has been bought by the Mormons, and will be removed to Salt Lake City, to be set up there as a memorial.

While the government officials of Denmark deny reports published abroad of a revolutionary movement in the Danish West Indies, they admit that dissatisfaction exists, and it is recognized that the prosperity of the new Republic of Panama may so impress the inhabitants of the Danish West Indies as to develop the now latent desire to come under the American flag.

At the first session of the Tenth Parliament of British Columbia, which convened last Thursday, Lieutenant-Governor Sir Henry Joli de Lotbinier declared that, as a result of the recent decision in the Alaska Boundary case, a strong feeling exists in favor of an all-Canadian route to the Yukon and Northern British Columbia. The Lieutenant-Governor also noted the probability of the early completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific line to the British Columbia coast.

The new edifice of the American church in Berlin was dedicated on Thanksgiving Day. The Empress telegraphed to the pastor, Rev. Dr. Dickie, expressing her regret that she could not, on account of her husband's illness, be present at the services, and sent the court chamberlain, Count von Mülinen, to represent her. Crown Prince Frederick William, on behalf of Emperor William, attended the dedication and reverently followed the service. President Roosevelt sent a message of congratulation.

W. N. MacMillan, of St. Louis, Mo., who recently failed in an attempt to explore the course of the Blue Nile, has completed arrangements for another expedition. He starts this week, accompanied by Mrs. MacMillan, Lieutenant-Colonel Harrington, the British Resident at the Emperor Menelik's, and a large retinue of carriers. The party will go in launches from Khartoum to the furthest navigable point, where it will land and continue its explorations in the direction of Lake Rudolf. Mr. MacMillan expects to be absent seven months.

TWO-SIDEDNESS

OUR double natures are a curious study. Most of us have plenty of evidence in our own experience that there are two spirits or dispositions dwelling within us and constantly warring with one another. St. Paul had a most vivid realization of this profound psychological fact, as appears in the seventh chapter of Romans. Even outwardly we seem to be made up of two physical units, or parts, one of which is inferior to the other. The two sides of the body are different; and science also tells us that we are double-faced. One side of each person's face is unlike the other. The left side is smoother, softer in outline, less harsh and severe than the right side. Photographers call it the "beauty side" of the face. When a person wishes to look his best in a photograph the photographer will pose him so that the left side of his face is most exposed.

Physically, mentally and morally, we are certainly two-sided. But we need not be two-sided spiritually. It is the function of character-building to unite the two natures in man, subjugating the lower to the higher. Our Lord Jesus Christ presents the example of a perfectly unified and homogeneous nature. In Him the lower man was from the beginning subjugated to the higher. He was never tossed about morally in that fluctuating battle which goes on in the soul of every imperfectly sanctified human being.

To approach Christ in oneness of spirit is the highest achievement of the Christian. The supreme development of character is reached in the elimination of the lower nature, the conversion of human two-sidedness into perfect spiritual unity and harmony. This is a possibility of spiritual development. All Christians can at least approximate such a standard of life. Jesus Christ, formed in us until He dominates both natures, will calm the inward struggle and make us like unto Himself.

THE PROPHETIC BURDEN

IN more than a score of passages in the Old Testament the message of the Hebrew prophet is styled a "burden." Isaiah, in announcing judgment upon various nations, prefaces his utterance in each instance by calling it "the burden" of Tyre, of Moab, of Egypt, of Damascus, or of Babylon. The whole book of Nahum is in its opening verse described as the burden of Nineveh, and the closing book of the ancient canon is in like manner defined in its first breath as "the burden of the word of Jehovah to Israel by Malachi." The term as thus used challenges attention. What does it mean? Has it any hint for our own time?

Taken objectively as applying to the communities upon which doom was declared, it is easy to see at once a very definite application of the word. In most cases when the prophet spoke he was a messenger of wrath and of judgment; he came to declare the coming of retribution, to serve as the herald of approaching destruction. Hence his word became literally a burden resting upon the nations which had become outrageous and idolatrous in wickedness. It swept the landscape like a tempest; it blighted like lava; it overflowed like an upheaving and stormy sea. In its fulfillment, indeed, it still lies like a funeral pall, a burden of death and remediless ruin, upon these old lands. No one can question this phase of the meaning of the term.

But this application does not by any means exhaust the significance of this striking and searching word. It has a subjective meaning; it was a burden to the prophet himself; it lay upon his soul with oppressive weight; it almost distracted his mind; it wrought upon him until he was in unspeakable anguish. It is this aspect of the ancient prophetic burden that particularly interests us today.

Indications of the experience just hinted at came to light several times in connection with the call of a prophet to his new office. When Jehovah summoned Isaiah to become the divine messenger, the youth was stricken with amazement and dread, crying out: "Woe is me!" That sorrowful cry was but the beginning of woes for Isaiah. He saw with breaking heart a vision of unutterable desolation wherever he lifted his eyes — the city which he loved doomed to be captured and plundered, the nation sentenced to exile, the surrounding peoples smitten with pestilence and overthrow. He was, so far as his own time was concerned, a messenger of doom. Words of comfort he had for later times, and manifold blessings he announced for our own generation, but for his own age nothing but forebodings of woe; and these forebodings smote him to the quick, appalled his spirit with their intolerable weight, and thus became his burden. Under the incumbent pressure of his message his soul was like a volcano, raging and tossed with tides of inward fire; he saw and felt in advance of uttering his message the sufferings which he had to announce. He suffered, in a sort of vicarious manner, the woes which as God's messenger he was commissioned to denounce against his own people and against surrounding nations. That was the burden under which he staggered and strove throughout his whole ministry.

Jeremiah's burden-carrying began, also, with the very opening of his career. When in his youth the call came to his ear, his response was an affrighted protest: "Ah, Lord Jehovah! behold I know not how to speak; for I am a child." He had a foreboding of the ministry of terror and grief which he was to undertake; the burden of it almost crushed him even in the prospect. When it was actually assumed, the heart within him literally broke in its anguish. The judgments which smote Jerusalem at his bidding first laid waste his own soul in their devastating fury.

This function of the prophet — his burden-bearing work — was elemental and vital. Had he been simply a telephone-transmitter of the Divine speech, a mere human mechanism to give forth exactly what he had been told without being himself a part of the message, the case would have been different. He could never have been what he actually did become — one of the greatest factors in the religious history of the world. He had to suffer himself, by his sympathy, his powers of realistic vision, his all-consuming compassion, his yearning tenderness, what he foreboded on the account of others about him. His own soul had to blaze and burn in order to kindle a conflagration on earth.

The bearing of this central truth upon the habits and character and training of the preacher of the Gospel is almost self-evident. He is not a priest, the organizer and leader of ceremonial observances, an official mediator between the worshiping soul and the Almighty. Rather he is in spirit and fact a lineal descendant of the prophetic tribe. He is to deal with men as God's messenger and mouthpiece and bring human souls to see God face to face. And in this task there is no other single qualification more needful, more enriching to his life, more commanding in its influence, than this quality which belonged to the Hebrew prophet, whereby the message before it is spoken lies on the soul a heavy burden, becomes a disturbant and volcanic fire and force within the man, moves the great deep of his nature with convulsive throes, takes hold upon the very foundations of his being, and becomes thus a vital part of himself. Messages which have their origin thus in the deepest and most sensitive part of the nature; which arouse grief, compassion, anxiety, alarm, in the heart of the messenger while they are taking shape; which unite the soul of the preacher in advance with strange and subtle yearnings of pity, love, zeal, and desire, to the souls of those who are to hear the word — these are the messages which take hold of the conscience with arousing power, which move the feelings of those who hear, which quicken the depths of the soul with alarming convictions, and produce impressions concerning the reality of divine things, the truth and momentous importance of the message, and the urgency of the claims of the Gospel, which are well nigh irresistible. No man can seriously question the verity of the message, or doubt whether these things be so, in listening to the man upon whose soul the message rests as a burden.

Does any one ask: Whence does this burden come? Whence is this qualification secured? How shall a man learn to speak with the whole-hearted earnestness, the consciousness of authority from on high, the overmastering solemnity and penetrating power, of the Hebrew prophets? No human wisdom can solve these questions. The answer to such inquiries is to be found by him who knows God, who gets close to his Almighty Lord in personal communion, whose life itself is a revelation of grace, and who gets in the Scripture such visions of truth, such impressions of the guilt and peril of the sinner, and of the urgency of divine love, as transform him into a messenger, with soul aflame, intellect illumined, and voice all vibrant. Such a man understands what the prophetic burden was in the time of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and what it is in the opening years of the twentieth century.

After all, is it not the supremely wide-awake mind that makes the most mistakes? Such a mind sees quickly and pos-

itively and acts with lightning decision. But no one really suffers much from mistakes who is willing to correct them when they have proved themselves to be mistakes.

Convention of Presiding Elders of New England

DEC. 2, 1902, a meeting of the presiding elders of the several districts in New England was held in the Library of the School of Theology of Boston University to consider the best means of promoting the observance of a Jesse Lee day in connection with the close of the Twentieth Century Thank-offering campaign, and of securing subscriptions to the Jesse Lee Chair of Preaching. After completing the business for which they were called together, an evening session was held for prayer and conference concerning their work as presiding elders. The fellowship of the day was so delightful, and the possibilities of another gathering to take up the various features of their work as presiding elders seemed so great, that a simple organization was formed with that object in view. W. T. Perrin was elected president, and T. F. Jones secretary. The executive committee is made up of the presiding elders of Boston, Cambridge and Lynn Districts, New England Conference, the presiding elder of Dover District, New Hampshire Conference, and the presiding elder of New Bedford District, New England Southern Conference. This committee has arranged for a convention to be held in Boston, Dec. 8 and 9. A large attendance is already pledged. By the courtesy of the Wesleyan Association the presiding elders are all invited to attend the annual meeting of the Association, Dec. 9, and to be present at the banquet in the evening.

Our Sub-Bishops

WE are gratified in presenting to our readers this week the leaders of our Methodist host in New England — the presiding elders of our own patronizing Conferences, with three from bordering Conferences whose districts include a goodly number of churches in Vermont and Connecticut. Grouped together on other pages will be found brief biographical sketches of these honored men — quite too brief to do them anything like adequate justice, but as long as our limited space will permit. These bishop-coadjutors magnify their office and worthily fulfill the trust committed to them. We often hear of acts of self-sacrifice on their part in the interest of individual churches and for their preachers, which attest a spirit of devotion and brotherliness that is indeed touching and inspiring.

These sub-bishops deserve, therefore, the hearty and grateful appreciation of the churches. Sometimes we have heard criticism as flippant and thoughtless as it was undeserved against presiding elders and the office. Occasionally there is an outbreak at a preachers' meeting — that safety-valve for erratic and unripe notions — against these indispensable servants of the church; and sometimes prominent laymen are heard to say that "this office is the fifth wheel in the Methodist coach," and that their strong churches have no need of it; but these are exceptional statements, and do not represent the convictions of the wisest minds in our denomination. No class of men do as much in aggressive and conserving leadership for our Methodism.

In conclusion, we express our conviction that no improvement can be made in the way in which these men are constituted. The whole history and trend of our polity requires that the Bishops should, with unrestrained authority, appoint the presiding elders. There was a time, in our novitiate in the ministry, when we were smitten with the notion of an elective presiding eldership, but we have fully outgrown that delusive idea. That plan would introduce and justify ecclesiastical politics and practices, already the greatest bane of our church.

Open Nominations of Bishops

IT appears that the proposition of the HERALD to spread before its readers candid presentations of ministers who may be candidates for the episcopacy at the next General Conference, has thrown some of our people into quite a flutter of surprise, excitement and protest. Conventional minds that always desire to have things done in the old way, just as the fathers did them, deem the proposition radical and revolutionary. This objection weighs but little with the HERALD. To sustain old practices simply because they are old, would carry us back to the Middle Ages. Some new and effective way, radical if need be, is necessary to "head off" the men who are working for their election to General Conference positions. Some "church politicians," who prefer to do their work in the dark where misrepresentations best flourish, are also amazed at the suggestion. One such writes: "Such a course is undignified and will humiliate the denomination." Another, who has a candidate, is afraid, if he nominates him, "it will harm him as much as it will help him" — but he sends the nomination. A layman, who approves the plan generally, thus commiserates the editor: "You are a brave man to publish nominations for Bishops from any minister or layman. Well, I hope you will emerge from the campaign alive, but I fear a whole lot of Methodist ministers will be disposed to put thorns in the mattress you sleep on the rest of your natural life." The editor is quite at a loss to understand why he should be called "brave," or why he should "lie upon thorns the rest of his life" simply because of his desire to help delegates to the next General Conference to act intelligently in the most important matter committed to them. A lay correspondent has been told that "the HERALD has a favorite list of ministers for the episcopacy, and is taking this way to present them to the church." If anybody else has been infected with this wholly false notion, we ask all such to wait patiently until the nominations are made. If they are then of the same opinion, the editor would be glad to hear from them, and will publish their views if desired.

How refreshing to receive, amid such correspondence, this note from one of the best beloved and most honored men in our ministry: "I endorse your general plan. It is a good one. There are scores of men in the church who would make efficient Bishops, but they are modest men and belong to no 'combination' and would use no means to 'push' themselves. Their names ought to be presented, and their qualifications for the high office plainly stated."

Brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church, an unusual exigency is upon the denomination. A large number of Bishops *must* be and *will* be elected at the next General Conference. The type of men selected will very largely give character to Methodism for the next quarter of a century. Every Methodist should, therefore, be deeply and actively interested in the subject. Let so much intelligent and unselfish inquiry and agitation go on during the next four months as shall insure the election at Los Angeles of only our very best men.

PERSONALS

— Dr. C. W. Drees, accompanied by Mrs. Drees and the latter's sister, Miss Combs, of Xenia, O., have returned to Porto Rico.

— It is reported that Dr. Charles W. Winchester, of Genesee Conference, who has accepted the position, has been elected president of Taylor University, Upland, Ind.

— Dr. George Adam Smith was presented a purse of $6,000 by his friends and pupils on his return to Scotland, as a token of their love and gratitude for his recovery from his illness while in America.

— Acting-President and Mrs. Huntington leave this week for Greencastle, Ind., to attend the services connected with the inauguration of President E. H. Hughes of De Pauw University, to occur Dec. 6, 8 and 9.

— Dr. Robert D. Sheppard, who for twelve years has served as business agent and treasurer of Northwestern University, has retired from that position and has been granted a year's leave of absence as professor of history.

— Herbert Thomas, an industrious negro of Woodstown, N. J., has fallen heir to $48,000 by the will of a white woman in the South, for whom he worked as a boy. He is preparing to go to Booker Washington's Tuskegee Institute.

— The *Atlanta Constitution* notes that "Governor Bates, of Massachusetts, officiated as proxy godfather at the christening of Letitia Marshall, great-great-granddaughter of Patrick Henry, and grandniece of Chief Justice Marshall, in Emanuel Episcopal Church, Vicksburg, during his recent trip South."

— Bishop Joyce sails from New York for South America on December 5. He will hold South America Conference at Buenos Ayres, Argentina, on Jan. 27, and West South America at Santiago, Chile, on Feb. 25. He will return to this country by way of the Pacific coast, and reach Los Angeles in season for the General Conference.

— The *Central Christian Advocate* of last week says: "An item, perhaps unfortunate, has crept into the papers that Bishop McCabe is going blind. That does not state the case. Cataracts are forming on the Bishop's eyes, and perhaps by this time he will be undergoing drastic treatment. The prayers of the church will ascend for him. Had, however, the statement about going blind been made of another distinguished Bishop, we are not certain that it could be contradicted."

— The following declaration by the *Philadelphia Press* is reassuring: "Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hanna are both strong and positive men. They both have decided convictions. They understand and appreciate each other, and nobody can succeed in embroiling their relations. Mr. Roosevelt will be the Presidential candidate, and Mr. Hanna will remain one of the most powerful and masterful leaders of the party."

— Rev. Dr. Richard Harcourt and his daughter, Miss Blanche Harcourt, have just returned from a three months' trip to Europe. The Doctor's health, for which he went abroad, is completely restored, and he expects to take an appointment in the spring. Until then he will be pleased to hear from any church needing a supply for

the pulpit and the pastorate. Dr. Harcourt is now with his family in their summer home, 401 Fourth Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.

— Rev. and Mrs. William Kirkby announce the engagement of their daughter, Marion Ella, to Mr. George Alfred Pearson, of Pawtucket, R. I.

— Bishop Vincent has appointed Rev. Frederick H. Wright, pastor of our American Church in Rome, in addition to his duties as presiding elder of Second District. His address for the next few months will be 89 Via Venti Settembre, Rome.

— Rev. Dr. C. S. Wing, presiding elder of Brooklyn North District, New York East Conference, spent several days visiting his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. G. S. Chadbourne, of Belmont Church, Malden, last week, preaching an excellent sermon on Thanksgiving Day.

— President John Wier, of West Virginia Seminary, Buckhannon, W. Va., called at this office last week. He is meeting with very encouraging success in the management of this institution, and expects fully 600 students next year. This is the most largely attended Conference Seminary in the connection.

— We learn from the *California Christian Advocate* that Rev. W. S. Bovard, of Congress Street, Portland, Me., has been elected by the trustees dean of the Theological College of Grant University, Chattanooga, Tenn. Mr. Bovard is a graduate of the University of Southern California and also of Boston School of Theology.

— Mrs. Mary Phelps, of Meriden, Conn., 87 years of age, for forty-one years the widow of Mr. George G. Phelps, fell and broke her hip on the morning of Nov. 16. She has been deeply interested in ZION'S HERALD from its beginning, as her father, Mr. Jonathan Page, of Hebron, Conn., was one of its first subscribers. Her husband secured the paper when they were married, and she has never allowed the subscription to lapse, enjoying its weekly visits more than ever in her extreme age.

BRIEFLETS

Editor Scott of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate* lifts this standard truth upon the top margin of the first page of his paper: "Every New Subscriber is a Vote for Progress."

A friend calls attention to one of those egregious blunders that sometimes creep into type inexplicably. We are made to say that the name of the "nominee" of an episcopal candidate will not be published. Of course it should have been the nominator.

Such spontaneous and enthusiastic giving to pay a church debt is rarely seen as took place, Sunday, Nov. 22, at First Church, Los Angeles, Cal., when the pastor, Rev. Dr. Robert McIntyre, asked his people to subscribe $12,000 to pay a mortgage on the edifice. Pledging $500 to begin with for Mrs. McIntyre and himself, saying, "But for her I would not have a dollar to give," the pledges rolled in so rapidly that he had to request the people to desist when $1,000 more than was needed had been subscribed.

Next week we shall present another contribution of special interest upon educational matters in England, written by ex-President Warren from Oxford. The many friends of Dr. Warren will be glad to learn that he is in excellent health and greatly enjoying his richly-deserved year of rest, travel and study.

Our readers who have for so many years followed with so much gratification the instructive and illuminating pen of Chaplain W. O. Holway, will be glad to learn that we have persuaded him to write up his recent experiences abroad in a series of letters, the first of which appears in this issue. As his trip took him necessarily somewhat out of the beaten line of travel, his letters will present much that does not usually appear in the conventional communication of the tourist.

Let us be assured that religious training is never thrown away. It may not bear its fruits today, nor tomorrow. But some time some rock will be cleft by the seed that fell into the crevice.

Christian Work and The Evangelist of New York says, in its last issue: "It is remarked of Dr. A. J. Gordon that 'as a theologian he stands for belief in God's *intention* to save all men;'" but Dr. A. J. Gordon has been in heaven for seven years. Does not our esteemed contemporary mean Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D., the distinguished pastor of the New Old South Church, Boston?

It is natural and good to seek happiness. Suffering is needed for the ripening of character, but it is not all that is needed. Like plants, we require quite as much sunshine as rain — yes, and a little more.

On another page we present an announcement of the *Springfield Republican*. While we do not always agree with the editorial positions taken by this paper — and we should think less of its ability if we were always in accord with it — there is so much of unusual excellence in its management that we heartily commend it to our readers. Very few papers are conducted with such high ethical ideals. It is the only daily that we have ever known to announce unqualifiedly that it accepts the teachings of Jesus Christ as its standard. It is a safe and clean journal for the family — no less for the child than for the adult.

Well does our splendid contemporary, the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, of Chicago, put it: "We hope the time will come when the head of every Methodist home will not only feel it to be his or her duty to have in the family a Methodist paper, but will feel it to be also their duty to place such a paper as an evangel of Christ in the hands of unconverted friends until they shall feel the need of its weekly visit and subscribe for it themselves." Assured are we that no Methodist home is properly furnished that is without some one of our Methodist weeklies. Indeed, there is a lack somewhere if this need is not felt in every Methodist home. It should not be necessary to state it, much less to prove it. How can any minister feel that his whole work is done until he has prevailed upon his families to take a Methodist paper? Then, too, no gift carries so much in inspiration, edification and permanent gratification, for its small cost, as an annual subscription to a Methodist weekly for a family or person unable to take it. Let it be remembered that where subscribers desire, *bona fide*, to present the HERALD to non-subscribers, it will be furnished for $1.50.

A lake may reflect its surroundings with absolute fidelity and distinctness, but it mirrors everything upside-down. So one may imitate another, and yet preserve a saving grace of individuality. Metaphorically, his grass will grow inverted, and his trees persist in pointing another way.

Do not forget the missionary meeting of the Methodist churches of Greater Boston at People's Temple next Sunday afternoon at 2.30. Secretary Taylor, Dr. John Reid Shannon, and others will speak.

"Christ Outside the Bible"

AN article with the above caption, by Dr. Manfred Lilliefors, in a recent issue of the Boston *Transcript*, is not intended to imply — as the title might suggest to an unwary reader — that Christ has been put outside of the Bible, but is meant to serve as a discussion of the question: To what extent can we obtain information regarding Christ from sources that are apart from the Bible? The writer begins by affirming that the merciless criticism that has been applied to the Old Testament must with equal decision and thoroughness be applied to the New, nothing being so sacred that it must not submit to "impartial criticism." This claim might be allowed were we sure anywhere on the face of the earth of finding any absolutely "impartial criticism," or, what amounts to the same thing, infallible criticism. That the criticism of the author of this article is not wholly "impartial" appears from some of his assumptions, though he is not as radical as some critics. He gives the following as the "results" of (presumably impartial) New Testament criticism. First, that the gospels as a whole are not the words of Christ verbatim; second, that these collections must necessarily embody "a great deal" of tradition, and withal have received the impress of the imagination of the writer and that of the age; third, they are found to contain "just such evidences of imagination, embellishment, legend, as other documents of a similar nature generally possess," so that "for any approximately correct estimate of the person or work of Jesus they must be weighed and sifted very carefully; fourth, many incidents in the life of Jesus may have been suggested by certain Old Testament sayings; fifth, while the gospels, "properly understood," supply the background for "a fairly complete picture of Jesus and a fairly correct understanding of His teaching, we are not quite so sure as to the details of that picture and that teaching as we formerly were." If these are the "results," there must be something fundamentally wrong with the type of criticism that imagines them. The findings have the look of having been specially sought after in the interest of a particular school of criticism.

The truth of the matter is that higher criticism, however boastful are the claims of some, is not, and never can be, an exact science. Many of its conclusions rest on data insufficient for a convincing proof. The personal equation always enters into the critical processes. If Dr. Lilliefors' criticism leaves him only "a fairly complete" picture of Jesus, he must not quarrel, to say the least, with the method of others, possibly more reverential, who find the face of the Christ looking out in blessed fullness of revelation from every page of the New Testament. Waiving the question of a "verbatim" record of the sayings of Christ, and even allowing that these "collections" must have "received the impress of the imagination of the writer," the question still comes: Was not the initial impulse and impress of the Christ-mind so transcendently powerful as even after a hundred years of tradition to render the contributory or contradictory influence of

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THE UNNOTICED BOUND

In passing southward, when I cross the line
Between the Arctic and the Atlantic Ocean,
I may not know by any test of mine —
By any startling signs or strange commotion
Across my track;

But as the days grow brighter, one by one —
And e'en the icebergs melt their hardened faces,
And sailors linger, basking in the sun —
I know I must have made the change of places
Some distance back.

Thus, answ'ring timidly my Master's call,
I passed the bourne of life in coming to Him,
When in my love for Him I gave up all;
The very moment that I thought I knew Him
I cannot tell;

But, as increasingly I feel His love,
As this cold heart is melted to o'erflowing —
And now so clear the light comes from above —
I wonder at the change, but move on, knowing
That all is well.

— *Selected.*

THE "NEXT REVIVAL"

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

THE spirit of prophecy seems to have descended upon certain good men on both sides of the ocean; and the subject of their confident predictions is what they call "the next revival." In our own land that stalwart patriot and philanthropist, Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, has published a small volume entitled, "The Next Great Awakening," in which he contends that each spiritual awakening in modern times has rested on some one great special idea, and that it was called forth by the special circumstances of the time. Rev. Dr. John Watson, of Liverpool, the brilliant author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," and many other popular works, has recently been exercising his prophetic gifts in an address before the Baptist College of Bristol, which is attracting no small attention. The Liverpool Doctor contends that such evangelistic movements as were conducted by Mr. Moody are now a "spent force and his peculiar methods are now obsolete!" Instead of a work whose chief purpose is the conversion of sinful souls and the quickening of spiritual life of believers, Dr. Watson emphasizes the superior claims of a great humanitarian work for feeding the hungry, improving the dwellings of the poor, insuring fair wages to the laborer, cleansing the slums, and in all kindred lines of social reform.

After reading this eloquently constructed manifesto I recalled at once a similar pronouncement made just fifty years ago by that distinguished philanthropist, Mr. Charles L. Brace, the founder of the Children's Aid Society and the author of a notable book called "Gesta Christi." At that time the Christian people of New York were being aroused to the horrible condition of the slums and their wretched occupants; the "Five Points House of Industry" and the "Old Brewery Mission" had just been started, and Mr. Brace had launched his admirable Children's Aid Society. "Here comes the new revival!" exclaimed my good friend, Mr. Brace, with all the exultation of a spiritual Columbus who discovers a new continent opened to Christianity. What was the result? The sort of social and sanitary reforms which Mr. Brace helped to pioneer has been going forward from that day to this, in New York, in London, and many another hive of population. Mr. Brace made his declaration in 1853. Five years afterward came the wonderful revival of 1858, which spread over New York and this whole nation, and extended to Great Britain, resulting in the conversion of multitudes of souls. In 1873 Mr. Moody began his great evangelistic campaigns, which were attended with a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit. From that time to this upon these churches that have done the right kind of preaching, the right kind of praying, and the right kind of giving and working, the Divine Spirit has descended in full measure. We can assure our dear Brother Watson that the Christianity of Calvary and of Pentecost is good for both the bodies and the immortal souls of men; and that the aims and methods of such evangelistic servants of Christ Jesus as Moody and Spurgeon and McNeill and kindred preachers, are no more a "spent and obsolete force" than sunshine and showers are obsolete. God's world and God's glorious Gospel are big enough and broad enough for both kinds of revival.

1. What is the exact meaning of the word "revival?" In its true and legitimate sense it is the result of an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. It describes a state of things in a church or in the community when Christians become more spiritually-minded and active in good works, and the conversions of impenitent souls are more than ordinarily numerous. Two vitally important phenomena are essential to a genuine revival — the Holy Spirit quickens believers and the Holy Spirit regenerates sinners, and the fruit is a new kind of life to both classes. That is the essential type and characteristic of all true "awakening," from the days of Pentecost to the present hour. Good men from good motives may organize religious methods and machineries, but they end in pious clatter unless the "living Spirit is within the wheels."

2. Every one who studies carefully both the Bible and human nature must acknowledge that however excellent may be all humanitarian philanthropies, yet the seat and fountain-head of the evils, the wrongs and the miseries, is the human heart. That carnal heart is at enmity with God, and of course with godly living. The disease that lies at the root in that heart — whether in fine mansion or in hovel — is sin, sin, sin. No impure fountain can send forth sweet waters. Jesus Christ "died to save us from our sins." The Holy Spirit is sent to "convince the world of sin," and the apostles never stopped with lopping off the twigs of social evils; they struck at the roots. It is a noteworthy fact that the men who have been the means of the mightiest revivals — John Wesley, Whitefield, Jonathan Edwards and Charles G. Finney — have turned the lightning-flash of divine truth on the damnable nature of sin, and made that the prime reason for fleeing to Jesus Christ. Would not more of such pungent preaching — red hot with love of souls — hasten the coveted revivals?

3. If such genuinely evangelical revivals come, one of the fruits of the Spirit will be brotherly love. The faith that furnishes no food to hungry bodies, or raiment to shivering backs, is denounced by the Bible as "dead." How can a man love God if he love not his brother man? It is a striking fact that so many of the foremost laborers for the conversion of souls have been the foremost in the practical philanthropies which Dr. Watson commends. For example, on a certain Sabbath in London I joined with that glorious old reformer, Lord Shaftesbury, in a Gospel service for neglected non-churchgoers, and during that week I visited the "Ragged School" which he had established among the poor outcasts of the "Smithfield" district. Hon. William E. Dodge (our American Shaftesbury) was equally ready to labor among Pennsylvania coal miners in an inquiry meeting and with New York millionaires in sustaining scores of charitable institutions. Charles H. Spurgeon, the prince of evangelistic preachers, maintained his orphanages and mission schools, and other reformatory agencies; but his chief aim was the conversion of souls; for he felt that a clean heart was the best guarantee of a clean home, a clean deposit in a savings bank, and clean living. When Christ's servants endeavor to satisfy hungry souls by filling an empty stomach — when they are satisfied with paying the sons of toil fair wages, and do nothing to make them heirs of heaven; when they care only for sick and suffering bodies and bring no remedies for sinsick and perishing souls, they are guilty of treason to their Master and of criminal robbery of those for whom Jesus died. May God save His church from "revivals" that take no account of Calvary's Cross, or the day of judgment, or the tremendous realities of eternity!

4. The most idle waste of breath is to predict revivals. My beloved friend, Moody, was sometimes tempted to do it, and suffered a sore disappointment. God is a sovereign and takes none of us into His secret councils. His kingdom cometh not with observation, nor by sounding of trumpets. During my forty-four years of pastoral experience the most copious outpourings of the Holy Spirit upon my church came when we were not expecting them. While neither pastor nor churches can predict the seasons of the Spirit's peculiar presence, it is their imperative duty to be preaching God's whole message, to be praying without ceasing, to be doing Christ's work after Christ's personal fashion of personal effort, and then trust our promise-keeping God for showers of blessings as Elijah did on Mount Carmel.

All those material benefits that Dr. Watson pleads for are eminently desirable; but they are more likely to come when Christ's church puts spiritual things above secular things, and is baptized with the unselfish and loving spirit of our crucified Lord. Humanitarian reforms are admirable as far as they go; but verily they do not go far enough when they stop short of salvation from the curse of sin, and stop short of the cross of Jesus,

and stop short of a new heart and of the life everlasting in heaven. May the "next revival" in our churches be a revival of faith in God's Word and the power of prayer, and a revival of holy and unworldly zeal in not only saving men's suffering bodies, but saving their immortal souls and their daily lives by bringing them to Jesus Christ — a revival whose glorious results shall last clear through into eternity!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE GLOUCESTER HERMIT

JAMES BUCKHAM.

THOREAU has never been without a successor in some part of this land of magnificent solitudes and personal freedom and independence. Since the hermit of Concord wrote his unique books, the charm of the life he led has appealed to many, and the student in the woods has become a comparatively familiar figure, especially in New England. It is a peculiar and winning type of Americanism, this of the hermit-scholar, the man of refinement and sensibility making his home with savage simplicity among the wild creatures, studying them and their ways, because they are his nearest and only neighbors, and yet keeping in touch with the best of the world's thought, with books, and to some extent — so far as they are drawn to him in his self-imposed isolation — with men. Never has there been so perfect an exemplification of plain living and high thinking as in this class of hermit-scholars. It were well for the dignity and elevation of American life if there were more such frugal, high-thinking inhabitants of our woods and waste places.

The title, the "Hermit of Gloucester," is one that has long been familiar to inhabitants of Cape Ann. For eighteen years past there has lived in the heart of the great pine and oak wilderness lying southwest of the beautiful and famous Massachusetts city of deep-sea fishermen a man most like Thoreau, perhaps, of any of the present school of hermit-scholars in this country. His name is Walton; and those who are familiar with current nature-periodicals, especially those devoted to the scientific study of our American fauna and flora, will recognize the name as one that for many years has been signed to articles replete with original and authoritative information. Eighteen years ago Mr. Walton was an invalid in the earlier stages of consumption. But he followed a wise doctor's advice, went into the woods, and began to live, for nine months of the year, in a tent, faring simply, and breathing day and night the freely circulating balsamic air of the pine groves. It was then that the love of the hermit life entered so deeply into him that even when nature had restored his body she could not discharge him from her pleasant infirmary; and here he still lives, in a log cabin constructed by his own hands, neighbor to the birds and squirrels, and beloved of them as God made man to be when earth was all an Eden.

A bright, cool summer day tempted the writer and two friends to take a long tramp through the woods and over the rocky shores of Cape Ann, with the hut of the hermit of Gloucester for an objective point. After climbing "Mt. Ann" and eating our lunch on its bare, wind-swept summit, with a grand prospect of rocky coast and ocean on one side and wilderness, river and town on the other, we descended the mountain and struck across country to the northeastward, in the direction of Gloucester. For a time the woods were open, and we made our way through them with comparative ease; but presently the undergrowth began to thicken, and we pushed down a descending slope only to find ourselves confronted by the pools and tangles of one of those forbidding swamps so common in eastern Massachusetts. We skirted it for a mile or more, but finally it proved longer than our patience, and we struck boldly out, careless of wet feet or greenbrier thickets. Half an hour's floundering and fighting, and we emerged on the opposite bank, wet-footed and somewhat demoralized as to clothing, but jubilant to find ourselves in the very wood-road that led to the hermit's cabin.

Ten minutes later we heard the sound of voices, and presently came upon the

Bare-headed, Gray-haired Hermit,

sitting on a rude bench in front of his hut, surrounded by visitors from Gloucester. The scene was decidedly unique, picturesque and characteristic. The hermit's dwelling place was simply a log cabin in miniature, a 7x9 hut made of small unpeeled logs, with a door and single small window in the front. Opposite it, on the other side of the wood-road, was the "cage," a skeleton framework about 8x14 feet, covered with wire netting. This structure has, during warm and pleasant weather, served as a sleeping place for the hermit; and in it, too, Mr. Walton has temporarily confined some young birds whose habits he wished to study with respect to song-development, etc. Suspended by a cord between two trees near the cage was a shallow box of seeds and other food for the birds.

Mr. Walton was just telling his visitors the story of "Bismarck" and "Tiny" when we arrived and joined the attentive circle. Bismarck was a large male red squirrel, who originally "controlled" the territory immediately about Mr. Walton's camp. "For you must understand," said the hermit, "that every male red squirrel controls a certain piece of territory that he considers absolutely his own and upon which he will allow no intruder to trespass. The young male squirrels, as soon as they are able to care for themselves, are taken one by one by the father, and established each on separate grounds with carefully defined limits. Each controls his territory and does not trespass on the territory of another; or, if a squirrel happens to trespass, the owner of the territory drives him off with great indignation. Now Bismarck, as I was saying, controlled the territory right around my camp when I first came, and he did not leave it when I took possession. At first he made a great fuss, though, and scolded me unmercifully, but by-and-by he grew reconciled and seemed to realize that two such different beings, with different habits and wants, might after all control the same piece of ground.

"Well, by-and-by Bismarck got married and had a family; and when his sons grew large enough he took them off, one by one, and set each one on his 'farm,' as you might say, and told him to stay there. One of the boys — the one I called 'Tiny' — had a patch of ground near his father's, and after a while he began to come back and hang around camp, I suppose because he envied his father the nuts and apples and such things that I used to throw out. At first his father drove him off angrily every time he crossed the line; but Tiny was so persistent and so patient that by-and-by the old fellow took pity on him and swapped territories with him — gave him a quit-claim deed of the old homestead as it were. So Tiny came to live next to me. Then, if you will believe me, the cute little fellow began to play the same tricks on his father that his father had tried to play on him. I wish you could have seen him when the old fellow came around! He just swelled up with indignation, and the minute his father sneaked across the line Tiny would go for him like an angry cat, and the big fellow would just turn tail in the most sheepish way and go scampering off. That's an example of filial gratitude in squirrels."

While we were all laughing at this story a twittering in the bushes attracted the hermit's attention, and he exclaimed: "Ah! you've come, have you? Here, Towhee, Towhee! Here's something for your little ones." At this the hermit broke off some small pieces from a doughnut he had been holding in his hand and tossed them down in the path near by. Immediately a female towhee bunting flew down, seized one of the morsels, and disappeared with it. In less than two minutes she reappeared with the male bunting, having doubtless told her mate of the provender to be had for the asking. "Oh! so you've brought your husband to help you!" cried the hermit, as the two beautiful birds hopped side by side to the doughnut crumbs in the path. "Well, you can have all you want. Come as often as you please."

In this manner the Gloucester hermit has made friends with all the birds in his vicinity, and calls them with soft, chirping sounds at will. The presence of human visitors, if they keep perfectly quiet, does not seem to frighten Mr. Walton's birds. It is as if they assumed that their good friend would see to it that no one harmed them.

Many curious and little known facts concerning birds and squirrels were gleaned from the Gloucester hermit during the hour we sat listening to his talk. His mind is simply

Running Over with First-class Information

about our common wild woodland creatures, and he seems to delight in sharing freely his valuable information with others. Birds, he told us, always mate for life — not season by season, as many suppose — unless one of a pair is killed, when the other will mate again. They return to and nest in the same spots, practically, year by year. "The parents," said Mr. Walton, "some eminent naturalists to the contrary notwithstanding, do teach their young the essentials of bird-life, including the art of singing. It is the male that attends to the musical educa-

tion of the young. Why is it that we hear the birds singing again in the fall, after a period of comparative silence? It is because then the old male birds are teaching the young males to sing. Take the thrushes, for instance. You will hear a veery singing with the greatest brilliance and vigor. Then there will be a pause, and presently your ear will detect a fainter note, often faltering, broken or husky — sometimes only one note, sometimes two or three, but seldom the entire song. This last is the performance of one of the young birds that is being instructed by the old one. Listen, and you will hear the perfect song repeated again, and the pupil following it never perfectly and confidently, and so on until the parent is satisfied and the lesson closes."

It is a common belief that the red squirrel eats the young and eggs of birds. "This notion," said Mr. Walton, "is false, except possibly in periods of great scarcity of food, when the squirrels are famishing. The common misapprehension arises from the fact that the red squirrel treats birds that may chance to have nested on what it considers its exclusive territory as it treats all other intruders — he drives them off and destroys their nests. I have seen him do this again and again, but never, during eighteen years of close observation, have I seen him devour either the eggs or young of birds." This is certainly a piece of information that ought to be passed on, in justice to the much-maligned red squirrel.

Another interesting fact vouched for by the hermit of Gloucester is that, while all our common woodland birds ordinarily raise only one brood a year, in cases where the egg of the cow bunting is deposited in their nests they invariably raise two broods. When they first discover the egg of the intruder they are greatly disturbed and distressed, but finally quiet down, seemingly make up their minds to submit to the imposition, and proceed with their domestic duties, feeding and raising the young cow bunting along with the rest. But as soon as their obligations to the first brood are discharged they proceed to raise another, as much as to say, "Well, let bygones be bygones; we will have one uncontaminated brood this year, anyway." Mr. Walton says that he has never known a case of invasion by the cow bunting when a second brood was not raised the same year by the indignant nest-owners.

We gained from the hermit of Gloucester another curious piece of information, relating to the language or means of communication of wood-mice. While birds and squirrels communicate with one another vocally, the wood-mouse or deer-mouse, like the rabbit, has a language of the feet. These little creatures stamp with their forefeet, and have a large number of different calls and signals, "many of which," said the hermit, "I have learned to distinguish, while lying awake at night and listening to my small neighbors. The call for attention, for instance — what corresponds to calling up on the telephone — is a long roll made with the forefeet on any substance like a board, that will give out a good resonant sound. This call for attention always comes first, when one mouse wishes to talk with another. The call is answered in like manner, and then the two mice proceed to converse with each other in a series of shorter and more broken poundings, like the Morse telegraphic code in principle. I have heard them carry on long conversations in this way, and am gradually learning to translate their language."

With respect to the controversy between Mr. John Burroughs and Mr. William J. Long, as to the human-like actions and characteristics of animals, Mr. Walton said that in his opinion both were right and both wrong. Mr. Burroughs is wrong, he declared, in denying that animals teach their young what they need to know, or, in other words, denying that there actually is a "school of the woods." On the other hand,

Mr. Long Errs Grievously

in many matters of fact — he "fakes," as the Gloucester hermit did not hesitate to say, particularly in his more dramatic chapters, where he seeks to make a tragic or spellbinding story with his animals for characters. Mr. Walton instanced the familiar chapter describing the pursuit of the red squirrel by the weasel, in which the former is finally overtaken and slain by the bloodthirsty persistence of the latter. Mr. Walton pronounced this story fictitious in several respects, which are very evident to a practical naturalist: 1. The common weasel (not stoat) is afraid of the red squirrel, is no match for him in a square fight, and turns tail when they meet. 2. Supposing that a red squirrel wished to escape from a weasel, he could do so very easily and quickly, as he travels through the trees when alarmed at a rate of speed approximating bird-flight, and can go a mile while the slow weasel covers a few rods. 3. The weasel never jumps from a tree, as Mr. Long has him do in the final capture of the squirrel. He always comes down very cautiously in exactly the same way that he went up. No provocation or temptation could induce him to risk a jump from any height. "Mr. Long is a most charming and interesting writer," declared the hermit, "but he speaks for nature too much from his study table and out of his inner consciousness. This will hardly do when dealing with such relentless things as scientific facts.

"There is another story of Mr. Long's that can hardly fail to make a Maine backwoodsman — such as I have been — smile. He tells in one of his books of coming upon a herd of caribou, while he was snowshoeing, and finding them stalled in deep snow, so that he approached and put his hand on them. Now a caribou can 'snowshoe' anywhere a man can, and faster than a man can, too, by traveling on its hocks. This is a fact that every old hunter knows. I have come on them time and time again in snow up to a man's armpits, and they have got away so fast that I couldn't get a shot at them, to say nothing of touching them with my hand. Nobody but a study-table naturalist would have caribou, of all animals, stalled by deep snow!"

As we rose to go, the hermit invited us to accompany him a few rods up the hillside and see the large new log cabin which he was building for himself with his own hands. We found it, like all Mr. Walton's work, perfect in its kind — a structure some twenty feet long and twelve feet wide, made of beautifully matched and laid logs, with a peaked and shingled roof, a solid cement floor, three windows and a door, and warmed by a shining kitchen range of the latest pattern. When rallied a little on the incongruity of a nickel-plated range in a hermit's hut, Mr. Walton replied, with a whimsical glint in his eye: "Nearly every hermit I ever read about or heard of killed himself by exposure before his natural time was up. Now if a kitchen stove will help me to do it — as I believe it will — I propose to establish the record of a hermit whose thread of life *wore out*, and wasn't prematurely snapped or snipped off by the fates!"

Melrose, Mass.

The Hero

To be a hero must you do some deed
With which your name shall ring the world around?
With blade uplifted must you dare to lead
Where armies reel on slopes with lightning crowned?

Or must you set for polar seas your sails,
And chart the Arctic's realms of snow?
Or drag your barge through virgin streams in pales
Of undiscovered lands? I tell you no.

Who is earth's greatest hero? He that bears
Deep buried in his kingly heart his lot
Of suffering; and, if need be, he that dares
Lay down his life for right, and falters not!

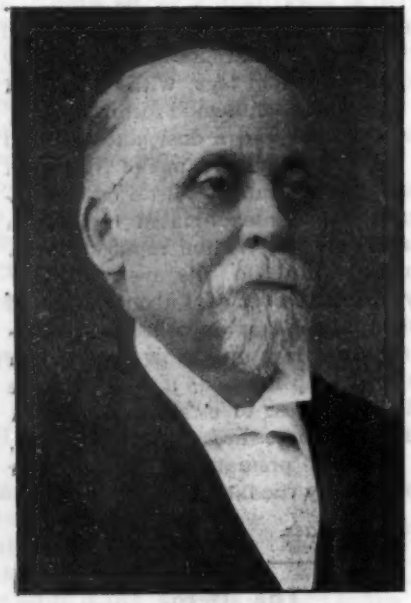
— Henry Jerome Stockard.

Preach! Preach!

A MINISTER lay on a sick bed. His work was done. To a brother in the ministry, by his side, he said, with an earnestness which long impressed his mind: "Preach! Preach! you will be shut up soon enough!"

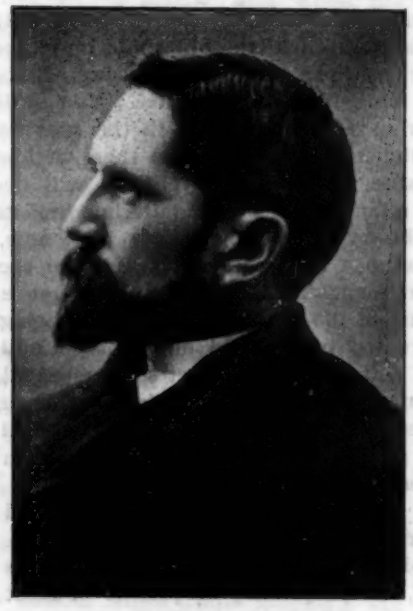
He had learned, as he was hastening to the close of life, what an unspeakable privilege it was to preach the Gospel of God. Some have not yet learned it, but when the opportunity is past, the voice is hushed, and the privilege of preaching is gone, perhaps some one will more clearly understand the value of the precious privilege of proclaiming, among the Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The man who would not rather be God's ambassador than a crowned king, may have good reason to doubt whether he is called to this work of the ministry. The man who knows that he is appointed and anointed "to preach good tidings unto the meek," to "proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord," need not envy monarchs or princes or potentates their honors, wealth, or fame. He may rejoice with joy unspeakable in the privilege that has been granted to him, knowing that though he now may sow in tears, ere long he shall reap in joy; and that the highest of earth's honors, and the purest of earth's joys, will be poor and mean compared with the joy unspeakable and full of glory, which shall crown the labors of the minister of the Lord, when the righteous Judge shall come to reward His people. "I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom: Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine." — H. L. H., in *Common People.*

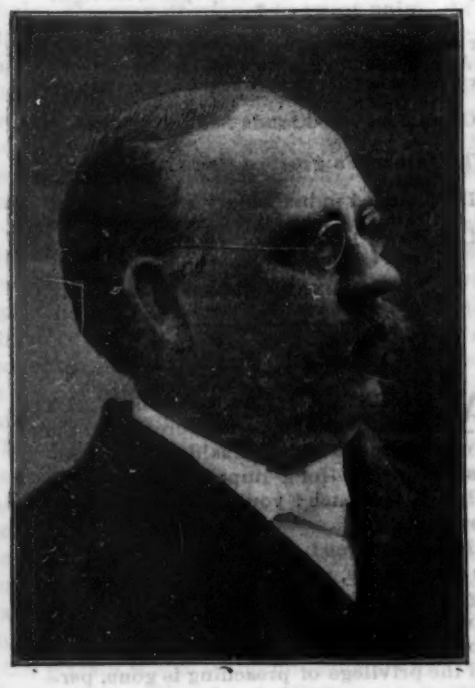


Rev. Joseph H. Mansfield
Cambridge District, New England Conference

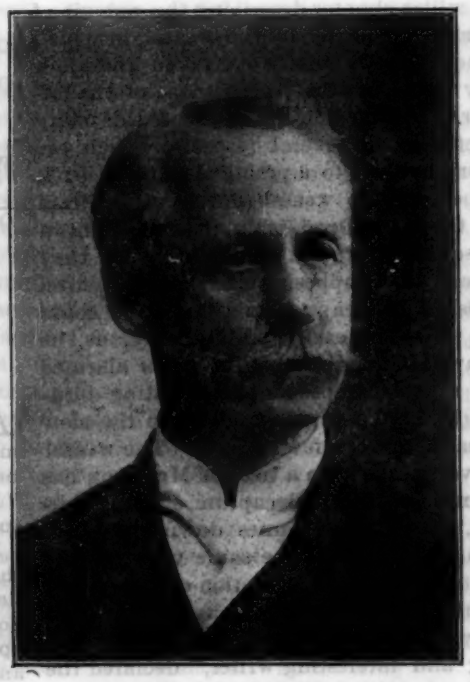
Rev. Joel O. Sherburn
St. Johnsbury District, Vermont Conference



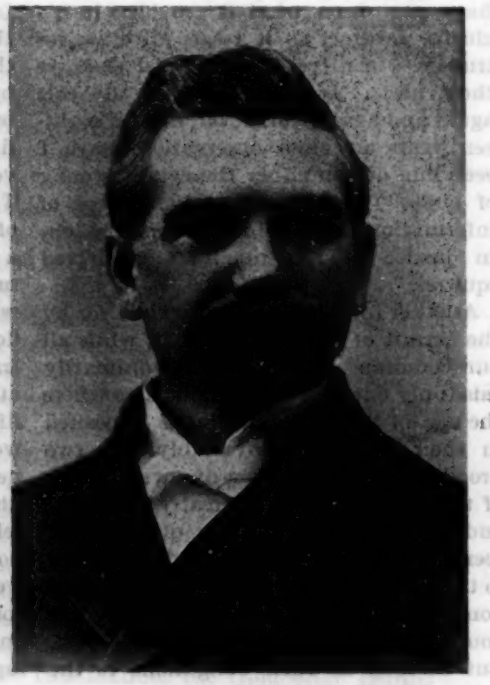
Rev. William I. Ward
New Bedford District, N. E. Southern Conference



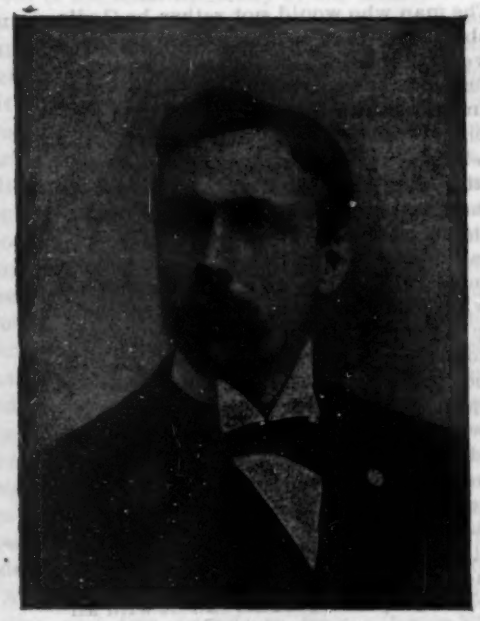
Rev. Joel M. Leonard
Lynn District, New England Conference



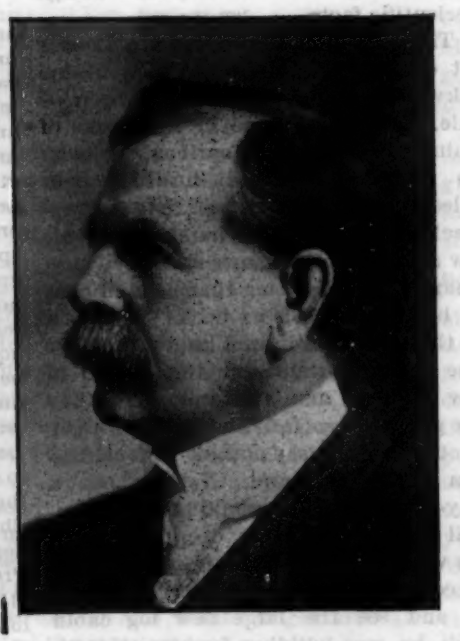
Rev. William G. Richardson
Springfield District, New England Conference



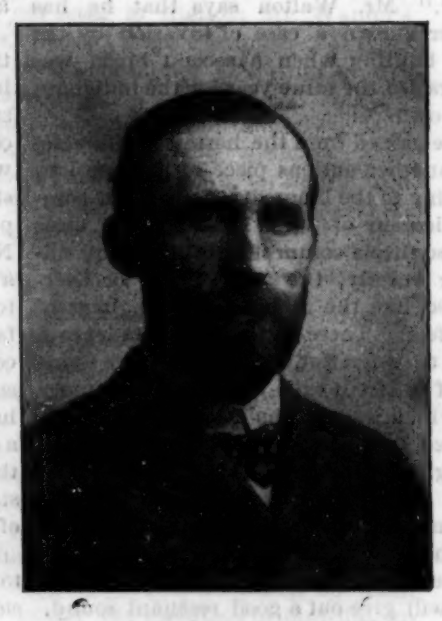
Rev. Elwin Hitchcock
Manchester District, New Hampshire Conf.



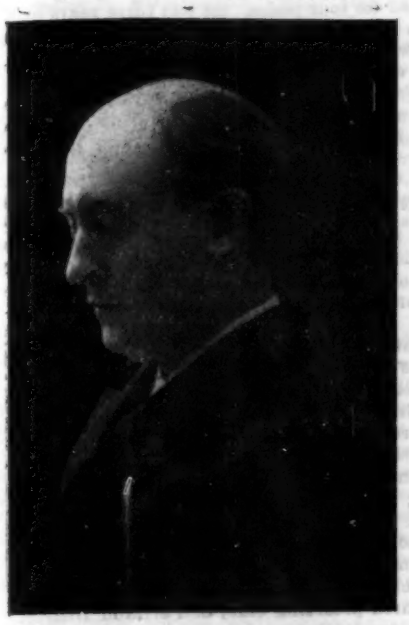
Rev. William M. Newton
Montpelier District, Vermont Conference



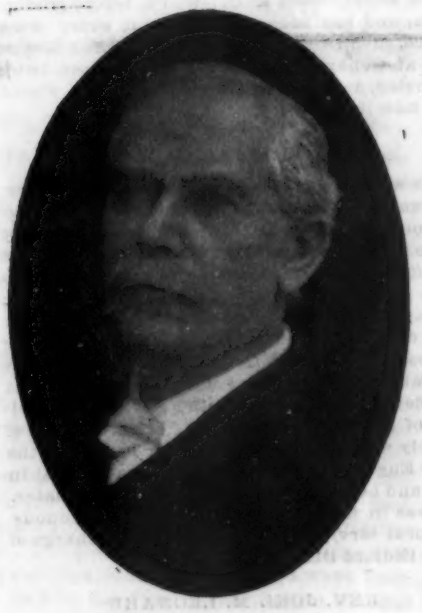
Rev. Benjamin C. Wentworth
Portland District, Maine Conference



Rev. Frank L. Hayward
Bucksport District, East Maine Conference

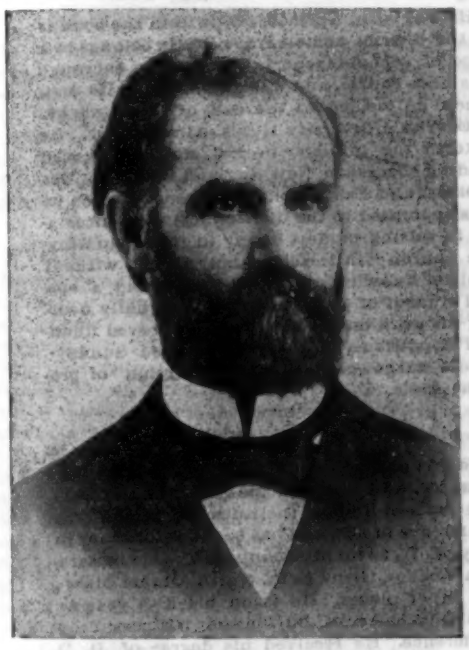


Rev. George W. Brown
Burlington District, Troy Conference

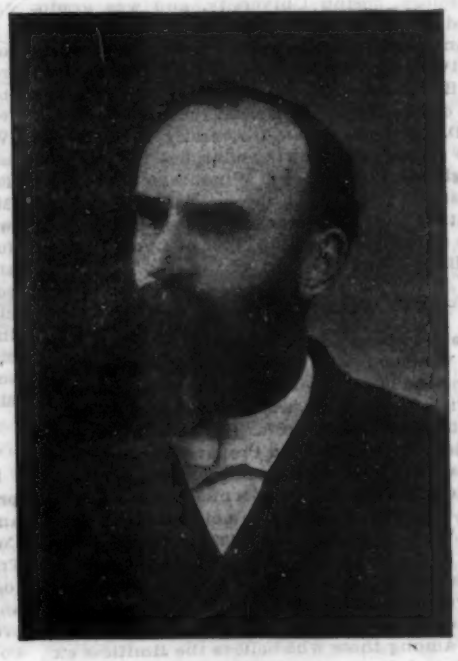


Rev. James Montgomery
New York District, N. Y. East Conference

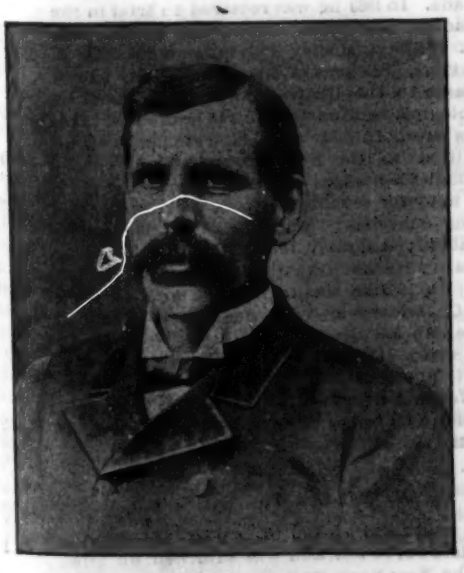
Rev. William A. Richard
New Haven District, N. Y. East Conference



Rev. George M. Curl
Concord District, New Hampshire Conference



Rev. David B. Dow
Bangor District, East Maine Conference



Rev. James I. Bartholomew
Norwich District, N. E. Southern Conference

Rev. Charles A. Southard
Augusta District, Maine Conference

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

REV. WILLARD T. PERRIN

He was born at Cambridge, Mass., June 2, 1850, the son of Noah and Philenia W. Perrin. He graduated at the Cambridge High School in 1866, from Harvard in 1870, and from Boston University School of Theology in 1874, and in April of that year was admitted to the New England Conference. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Simpson and elder by Bishop Harris. In 1876 he married Miss Nellie L. Denton, of Newton. He has served the following churches: Allston; Wilbraham; State St., Springfield; Monument Square, Charlestown; Trinity, Worcester; Worthen St., Lowell; St. John's, South Boston; First Church, Boston; First Church, Dorchester. He was appointed presiding elder of Boston District in 1899. In 1898 he received the degree of Ph. D. from Boston University. Since January, 1885, he has been a member of the board of trustees of Boston University, and since 1898 the secretary. He is president of the New England Deaconess Association. He was a member of the General Conference of 1900.

REV. ANDREW J. COULTAS

He is a native of New York, but has spent his ministerial life in New England. He was graduated from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in the class of 1883. His first appointment in his Conference was North Church, Fall River, Mass. His subsequent appointments have been as follows: Mystic Bridge, Conn.; Sachem St., Norwich; New London, Conn.; St. Paul's, Fall River; Chestnut St., and Trinity Union, Providence. He is now on his second year as presiding elder of Providence District. He was a delegate to the General Conference of 1900.

REV. AMMI S. LADD

He was born in Phillips, Me., in 1835. His father was a soldier in the War of 1812. He was educated in the public schools of his native town, and in the old Gardiner Lyceum, with the help of private tutors. In early life he taught school in Gardiner, Augusta and Richmond. He was converted in early life and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Augusta. He joined the Maine Conference in 1860. He has had pastorates at Kent's Hill, Waterville, Biddeford, Bath, Portland, Lewiston, Auburn and Gardiner; and in the East Maine Conference at Bangor and Calais. One year he was financial agent of East Maine Conference Seminary. Twice he has represented his Conference in the General Conference. Twice he has been nominated for Governor by the Prohibition Party. He is now serving his eighth year in the presiding eldership.

REV. CHARLES S. NUTTER

He was born in Tuftonboro, N. H., Sept. 19, 1842, and was converted when about sixteen.

He was graduated at Tilton Seminary in 1868, and at Boston University School of Theology in 1871. Joining the New England Southern Conference the same year, he served several charges until 1884, when he was transferred to the New Hampshire Conference and stationed at Tilton. Subsequent appointments in that Conference were Concord, Exeter and Haverhill, Mass. In 1894 he became pastor at St. Albans, Vt., and five years later was appointed presiding elder of St. Albans District. For twenty-five years Dr. Nutter has made a special study of hymnody and church music. By means of books—"Hymn Studies," and "Historic Hymnists"—and by magazine and newspaper articles, he has helped to develop interest in that subject. He is one of the commissioners now editing the new Hymnal for the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

REV. THOMAS F. JONES

He was born in Tredegar, Monmouthshire, England, Jan. 23, 1854, and came to the United States with his father, W. S. Jones, D. D., in the fall of 1862, crossing the Atlantic on the steamship "Great Eastern." He prepared for college at Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill, and entered Bowdoin College in 1876, graduating in 1880. After teaching a year, he joined Maine Conference in 1881. He was ordained deacon at Lewiston by Bishop Foss in 1883, and elder by Bishop Harris at Biddeford in 1885. After serving fourteen years, ten of which he was consecutively elected statistical secretary by his Conference, he was transferred to East Maine Conference by Bishop Bowman, and appointed to Orono. He was made presiding elder by Bishop Mallalieu in 1900, and resides in Thomaston. In 1881 he married Miss Ida E. Danforth, of Cornish. Five children have made glad their home, all of whom are living.

REV. JESSE M. DURRELL

While a dental student he was converted at the altar of Hanover St. Church, Boston. A few years after entering practice, he felt called to the ministry. In 1878 he graduated from Boston University School of Theology, and joined the New Hampshire Conference. He soon became identified with educational interests, was made a trustee of New Hampshire Conference Seminary in 1878, served as its principal five years, and is now president of its board of trustees. His business knowledge has enabled him to assist several churches out of heavy financial embarrassments. He has thrice been elected to General Conference, and has served two quadrenniums on the General Missionary, Church Extension, and Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Committees. By the last General Conference he was elected a member of the Board of Control, Epworth League. He was appointed presiding elder of Dover District, last spring, by Bishop Warren.

REV. JOSEPH H. MANSFIELD

He was born in Whitehall, N. Y., and prepared for college at the Troy Conference Academy. With a small loan from a Congregational deacon, who took great interest in him, he was able to enter Wesleyan University, where he graduated in 1865. He joined the New England Conference in 1866, and served churches in Chicopee Falls, Northampton, Springfield, Leominster, Lowell, Charlestown, South Boston, Malden and Boston. He served Lynn District for six years as presiding elder, Boston District for five years and a half, and is now on the fifth year on Cambridge District. At the urgent request of the Boston Missionary and Church Extension Society he has superintended the work of City Missions for nearly six years. He was a delegate to the General Conferences of 1888 and 1900. He was married, in 1865, to Miss Pamelia S. Murray, a teacher of art in the Troy Conference Academy, and also the college at Sackville, N. B.

REV. JOEL O. SHERBURN

He was born on a farm in Plainfield, Vt., fifty-eight years ago—Nov. 21, 1845. He spent nineteen years and three months on the farm, and should by choice have been there now. He entered Newbury Seminary in February, 1865, and studied, taught and preached until 1869, graduating that year from Montpelier Seminary. He graduated from Wesleyan in '73, and preached all through his college course. He took supply work at Calais, Vt., before graduation, and has been in the pulpit every week since, save two with a broken leg and five or six at General Conference. He has been twice married, and has had six sons, four of whom are now living.

REV. WILLIAM I. WARD

He was born in Acushnet (then a part of Fairhaven), Mass., Nov. 3, 1857, of Methodist ancestry on both sides, all his grandparents having been members of the Elm Street Church in New Bedford. He was converted at the age of thirteen years, and united with the church at once; began preaching at sixteen, and became pastor of a church at twenty. He attended the public schools of his native town and the high schools of Fairhaven and New Bedford, and studied at Wesleyan Academy and the School of Theology of Boston University. After three years of supply work as a local preacher he joined the New England Southern Conference on trial in 1881, and became a full member two years later. He was in his twenty-fifth year of continuous pastoral service when assigned to the charge of New Bedford District.

REV. JOEL M. LEONARD

He was born in Potsdam, N. Y., July 21, 1852. Nearly the whole of his early life was spent in Cambridge. He fitted for Harvard in the Cambridge high school, entering in 1870. In the fall of that same year he entered the School of Theology, Boston University, and was graduated therefrom in 1877. In 1800 he went to Germany and spent one year studying in Leipsic University. In 1887 he passed the examinations in B. U. School of All Sciences, and received the degree of Ph. D. He received the degree of D. D. from Wesleyan University in 1902. He has served the following churches in the New England Conference: Winchester; Newton; Westfield; Wesley Church, Salem; Malden Centre; Melrose; Baker Memorial, Boston, and was appointed presiding elder of Lynn District by Bishop Andrews last spring.

REV. WILLIAM G. RICHARDSON

He was born in North Anson, Me., in 1848. His boyhood was spent in Monmouth on a farm, and later he served as a clerk in a store in Lewiston, where he was converted at eighteen in the Park St. Church. His educational advantages were the Latin Preparatory School of Bates College and the Theological School of Boston University, from which he was graduated in the class of '74—a classmate of Rev. Drs. W. T. Perrin, J. W. Butler, and C. W. Drees. His first charge was at Neponset, which he served while a student, and his last, First Church, Fitchburg. He usually remained the full pastoral limit in his appointments, and is now among those who believe the limitless extension of the pastoral office a good thing for our denomination. In 1879 he was married to Miss Helen L. Ham, a teacher in the Lowell high school. They have three children. For the past fourteen years he has been the treasurer of the now well-matured Methodist Ministers' Relief Association.

REV. ELWIN HITCHCOCK

He was born in Stanbridge, Quebec, fifty-two years ago. His grandfather, Rev. Barnabas Hitchcock, was a Methodist minister of the Montreal Conference, and his uncle, Rev. P. M. Hitchcock, was a member of Troy Conference. When he was nineteen he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Northampton, and later was induced to leave his work and enter Wilbraham Academy, with the ministry in view. Joining the New England Conference twenty-eight years ago, he remained therein until he was transferred, in 1898, to the New Hampshire Conference and appointed to Grace Church, Haverhill, where he remained three years, and then was sent to Main St., Nashua, where he had been two years when appointed presiding elder of Manchester District last spring. In Northampton, in 1875, he was married to Miss Harriette Clark. He has two children.

REV. WILLIAM M. NEWTON

He was born in Barnard, Vermont, July 30, 1861, and educated at Montpelier Seminary and Wesleyan University, graduating from the latter institution in the class of 1894. In April, 1894, he joined the Vermont Conference on trial, and was appointed to Waterbury, which charge he served for four years. He was three years principal of Montpelier Seminary. At the Annual Conference in 1901 he re-entered the ministry, and was made presiding elder of Montpelier District. He resides at South Royalton, Vt. He was married in June, 1896, to Marion Elizabeth Wilcox, of Middletown, Conn., and has two children.

REV. BENJAMIN C. WENTWORTH

He was born in the town of Cushing, Me., Feb. 25, 1848, the youngest of seven children and the only son. He was educated in the public schools and at East Maine Conference Seminary. He married Miss Sarah T. Clifford, only daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Clifford. In 1872 he supplied China Village, East Maine Conference, where he had a sweeping revival and remained three years. In 1873 he joined the Conference, and has served the following charges: Wiscasset, Boothbay, Camden, Houlton, and Belfast. In 1889 he was appointed presiding elder of Bangor District, serving six years. He was then transferred to Maine Conference and stationed at Skowhegan, where he remained four years. From there he went to Berwick, remaining four years when he was appointed presiding elder of Portland District at the session of the last Conference. Of his two children, the son is Rev. W. C. Wentworth, pastor at Forestburg, N. Y., New Jersey Conference.

REV. FRANK L. HAYWARD

He was born, April 26, 1857, within the bounds of the district he now travels. He belongs to a race of school-teachers. He took a thorough business course, and was in charge of 150 men when he yielded to the call of the ministry. Wesleyan University is his Alma Mater. He entered the ministry in 1881, and had served leading charges in New England Southern, Des Moines, and East Maine Conferences, when he was appointed to the district. Always successful in raising money, happy in indoctrinating the church "in the most holy faith," without schism, knowing and loving men, and a special student of child life, God is signally owning his work on the district in improved financial conditions, in largely increased Sunday-school output, and in the conversion of precious souls.

REV. GEORGE W. BROWN

He was born July 8, 1838, son of a Methodist preacher, and was educated at Union College and Concord Biblical Institute. He joined Troy Conference in 1863, and has been pastor twice in Troy, N. Y., twice in Albany, N. Y., also in Saratoga Springs, Glens Falls, North Adams, Mass., and other places. He is on his fifth year as presiding elder of Burlington District, Troy Conference. He received his degree of D. D. from his Alma Mater in 1888. He was a member of the last General Conference.

REV. JAMES MONTGOMERY

He was reared and educated near Toronto, Canada. In 1869 he was received on trial in the Canadian Methodist Conference by the late Rev. William Morley Punshon, who was, at that time, president of the Conference. In 1871 he came to the United States to attend Drew Theological Seminary, and was graduated three years later. In 1872, while yet a student, he was admitted to the Newark Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and continued in that body for seventeen years, serving the following churches: South Orange; St. James, Elizabeth; Hedding, Jersey City; Halsey St., Newark; Market St., Paterson; Trinity, Jersey City. In 1889 he was transferred to New York East Conference and stationed successively at Janes Church, Brooklyn; Trinity, New York; and South Norwalk, Conn. In 1900 Bishop Hurst appointed him presiding elder of Brooklyn North District, and in 1902 Bishop Cranston transferred him to New York District to succeed the late Dr. Joseph Pullman.

REV. WILLIAM A. RICHARD

He graduated from Wesleyan University, Middletown, in 1884, and was admitted on trial into the New York East Conference the same year, being stationed at Durham, Conn., where he remained three years. His next two years were spent in Forestville, Conn., where a remarkable revival occurred. From 1889 to 1894

he was pastor in Birmingham, Conn. During this pastorate two extensive revivals prevailed, and a new church worth $40,000 was a result of his labors. A prosperous five years' pastorate at South Park, Hartford, followed. Here one of the most elegant parsonages of the Conference was built and paid for. While in Hartford Mr. Richard was twice chosen chaplain of the Connecticut Legislature — one term in the House, and another in the Senate. In 1902, after three years in Trinity Church, New York city, he was appointed presiding elder of New Haven District by Bishop Cranston.

REV. GEORGE M. CURL

He was born in Elkhart, Ind., Oct. 6, 1848, and was educated in the schools of his native town and Des Moines, Iowa, and later in Cornell College, Iowa. He entered Northwest Iowa Conference in the fall of 1872, and was transferred to the New Hampshire Conference in the spring of 1881. In 1889 he was transferred to the Vermont Conference and stationed at St. Johnsbury, and while there the Lord blessed the church with more than a hundred accessions. Three years later he returned to the New Hampshire Conference and was stationed at Baker Memorial Church, Concord, where he built a new church edifice, besides receiving more than a hundred persons into the church. His last pastorate was at Garden St., Lawrence, and while there he was appointed to Manchester District. Last spring he was changed to Concord District.

REV. DAVID B. DOW

He was born at Paris, Me., Dec. 31, 1857. He stayed on the farm where he was born until he was twenty. He was educated at Kent's Hill and Wesleyan University, Middletown, with one year in Boston University School of Theology. He joined the East Maine Conference in 1886. He was appointed presiding elder of Bangor District by Bishop Joyce in 1901.

REV. JAMES I. BARTHOLOMEW

He was born in Lodi, Wis., nearly forty-seven years ago, of Scotch-Irish, French, Dutch, and German stock. At the age of thirteen he was converted. In 1881 he graduated from Lawrence University. The same year he entered West Wisconsin Conference, and was stationed at New Lisbon. Here he remained only six months, when an urgent call came for him to go to Black Hills Mission, Dakota. He was stationed at Sturgis City — the first Protestant pastor in the place. He found no church membership and no church building. He remained here until August, 1883, when he was stationed at Rapid City. In 1886 he began studies in Boston University School of Theology, and supplied at Whitman. In the spring of '87 he was transferred to New England Southern Conference, and served successively Whitman, Allen St., New Bedford, one year as the State organizer of the Prohibition Party of Massachusetts, Stafford Springs, Conn., and South Manchester, from which place Bishop Joyce removed him to take his present work.

REV. CHARLES A. SOUTHARD

He was born in Hartland, Me., Feb. 2, 1844. In those days there was more work than schooling, but he had the privileges of the common school, high school, and academy. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the 20th Maine Regiment, Co. F, and, while following Jackson's retreat at Antietam, was badly wounded. For three months he was in hospitals, and then returned home to St. Albans, Me., a broken-down young man. In due time he married, and, after being in business for some years, entered the ministry. He was converted at the age of 26. He received his first appointment as a local preacher in 1875 at Brownville, and the next year joined East Maine Conference, serving Hampden, Brewer, Rockland, Newport, Orono, and Biddeford, where he broke down with nervous prostration. When able to resume work he was appointed to Livermore Falls (three years), then to Park St., Lewiston (three years), and then was made presiding elder.

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall today;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

— *Adelaide A. Procter.*

EAST AND SOUTH

Autumnal Trip to the Mediterranean

I

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

THE "Commodore" proposed it. Business called him to London and to the south of France. I could go as his companion, and could be useful to him in various ways. He would meet "Budgie" and "Dot" (his wife and daughter) in Paris — may be they would risk the Channel trip and run up to London — and they would make the southern trip with us. We would be away from home about six weeks, but in that space we would see Liverpool, London, Paris, Marseilles — an eastern trip of nearly three thousand miles, and a longitudinal one of about one thousand miles, bisecting England and France from the Mersey to the Mediterranean. The proposal set my nerves tingling with anticipation. Preparations were hurried, and on the 15th of October, in the late afternoon, the "Commodore" ran his Winton up to the gang-plank of the "Columbus," at the Hoosac Tunnel Docks, in the midst of the enormous crowd gathered to say good-by to the Honourables. Our luggage was put aboard, and as the stately ship backed out from her berth and the panting tug-boats pushed her bow around seaward, we waved our adieus to friends and uttered a half-reluctant good-night to the fast-receding city.

The ocean trip was delightful. Few, if any, suffered from *mal de mer*. The Honourables turned out to be a very companionable set of "chappies" off duty and out of uniform. They inaugurated sports of various kinds — obstacle races, potato races, pillow fights (the two contestants precariously seated facing one another on a spar, and whacking at each other till one of them rolled under the spar clinging with legs and hands), tugs-of-war, etc. And the proceeds of all their sports, concerts, etc., were devoted to sailors' homes or orphanages. Among the "additional passengers" were Rev. Dr. Crawford and wife of the American Board, returning to their mission-field in Turkey, and the venerable Bishop of Athabasca, in the Canadian Northwest, with his wife and daughter. The latter, a pleasing young lady of some nineteen summers, sat knitting a pair of gray woolen socks one day. I rallied her a little on the prosaic character of her work. Her mother explained that a little mission church was sadly needed away up in a small settlement on the Peace River in far-off Athabasca, and that Eirene (her daughter) was trying to help on the movement by knitting socks, at fifty cents a pair. I promptly bought the one she was knitting as a souvenir for my den. Then I mentioned the matter to the "Commodore." He was greatly interested. That night he took the sock into the smoking-room where most of the Honourables were congregated, and made a little speech. The stocking was passed around. I then took it to the dining saloon where the Bishop's family were having a late tea and emptied it on the table — over £9 (nearly $50) in all. Such grateful eyes met mine! Miss Lee will knit the other sock, fill it with the silver, and send it to Peace River to be "hung up" Christmas Eve at the mission festival.

On the seventh day out the Irish gulls came out to meet us. Land was sighted toward nightfall. At 10.30 P. M. we dropped anchor in the outer harbor of Queenstown. The tug came alongside for mail, telegrams and passengers; she brought papers, telegrams and letters to many on board. Within an hour we were on our way again. All the next morning we ploughed our way up the Irish Channel against a strong northwest wind, watching the landmarks on the Welsh coast. By mid-afternoon we were alongside the landing-stage at Liverpool. The Honourables donned uniform and accoutrements and marched proudly ashore to a special train that was to bear them to London. We, unfortunately, had to undergo the customs inspection with its irksome delay, and then take "bus" to the Lime Street Station. *Our* train left at 5.20; but as it was an express, traveling nearly fifty miles an hour, and scheduled to cover the two hundred miles to London in four hours and fifteen minutes, and as it had a comfortable dining-car attached, we were consoled; the hours raced even faster than the wheels; we could hardly realize that we had reached Euston Station, and that "Budgie" and "Dot" were standing outside our window, with smiles of gladdest welcome.

We had rooms at the Cecil, with windows opening on the Embankment. It is a favorite view of mine; and as I stepped out on the balcony, I recognized with delight below and in front the Obelisk (companion of the one in Central Park, New York), and the dark waters of the Thames. These waters were spanned on the right by the lights of Charing Cross bridge and Westminster; on the left by those of Waterloo and Blackfriars. I was joined by "Budgie" and "Dot," and we strained our eyes to discern the outlines of the Parliament buildings, but the mist was creeping up from the river, and the chill drove us in to the light and warmth of our private parlor. As I fell asleep that night I listened drowsily to the chimes of Westminster, followed by the deep boom of Big Ben striking slowly the knell of the twelve departed hours.

Our stay in London was brief. The "Commodore" attended to business; the ladies shopped and visited friends. There was opportunity, however, to walk through the Abbey, linger for a brief space in the Poets' Corner, glance through the long aisles, and try to take in the beauty and solemnity of a building which concretes within its walls and crypts such wealth of history; opportunity, also, to feast our eyes on the stately exterior of the Parliament buildings — the most magnificent structure of its kind in the world. Then the swift express of the South Eastern and Chatham road bore us to Dover.

We apprehended trouble — and we found it. A fresh gale had been blowing for a couple of days, and our first view of the Channel revealed an expanse of rolling billows whose crests were blown off in frothy spray. As we left the train the sea was breaking over and under the protecting bulkhead. The "Commodore" secured a stateroom in which a porter deposited our hand luggage. I waited long enough to see the huge derrick lift the baggage cars bodily from their trucks and lower them into the hold. Then I gave a quick glance over the long, low paddle-wheel steamer that was to make its heroic battle with storm-driven billows outside, and went below. For it was impossible to stay on deck. Scarcely had we backed out and turned our prow Franceward when the upper deck was drenched, and the sea pounded the little vessel as with strokes of a sledge hammer. We rolled heavily to port. Picking my way among people reclining or stretched out in the pangs unspeakable, but fortunately transitory, I got hold of a brass railing that ran around the engine-room. A door opening to the guards abaft the paddle-box was open. Through that I could see through what a rage of waters we were being driven. By turning my head I could also see the powerful en-

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THE FAMILY

TWO FEET OF EARTH

EMMA A. LENTE.

Who knows how dear two feet of earth may be,
Save those who under it have laid their heart's desire? —
A child that woke and smiled and slept again,
Nor waited of this strange, strange world to tire!

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

O gracious beauty, ever new and old!
O sights and sounds of nature, doubly dear
When the low sunshine warns the closing year
Of snow-blown fields and waves of Arctic cold!
— *Whittier.*

* * *

Who can hurt us if God be on our side? Trials may come, but they are all good. — *John Wesley.*

* * *

God makes the rims in which we are placed, but we ourselves can make our lives what we will within these rims. — *Adeline D. T. Whitney.*

* * *

God's mercy scorns and upsets all our arithmetic, and overleaps the bounds both of our reason and our justice. — *Rev. W. J. Dawson.*

* * *

God is good when He gives; but better when He keeps back in order to give an accumulated blessing, heaped, pressed down, and running over into the bosom of His child in whom Patience has had her perfect work. — *Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

* * *

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that — they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the Livableness of Life. — *R. L. Stevenson.*

* * *

Personality is more potent than words. Men and woman impart ozone to the atmosphere without knowing what good they have done. They become standards of righteousness and are all unaware that any one looks at them to gage his own opinion or shape his own conduct. They are like regulator clocks, by which the watches of the world seen to be wrong are set aright and are kept aright. To try to live the best in the hope that somehow one can put the best into the very air, and get it into the life of the school and community, and have it become a part of public sentiment, that surely is noble. This is the way to live. No one ever lives in vain who so lives. Some one is helped by him. — JAMES G. K. MCCLURE, in "Living for the Best."

* * *

Character is not determined by a single act, but by habitual conduct. It is a fabric made up of thousands of threads and put together by uncounted stitches. Some characters are stoutly sewed; others are only basted. A Christian ought not only to have his spiritual garments well sewed, but kept clean; in fact, as a representative of Jesus Christ, he ought to present such an attractive apparel before the world that others should say to him: "Where did you get this? I want one just like it." — *Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.*

* * *

We cannot live today on the strength of yesterday's food, but each day has its own bread. Yesterday's sunshine will not light the earth today, but there is other sunshine ready each new morning. When you were in sorrow a while ago, God came to you and comforted you in wonderful ways — through His promises, or through a human friend who brought you blessing, or through a book whose words were like a heavenly lamp pouring its light upon your darkness. When a new sorrow comes, that old comfort cannot be used again; but you will have other comfort for your new sorrow — comfort in place of the comfort which is past. — *J. R. Miller, D. D.*

* * *

It is a law of the universe that "motion always follows the line of least resistance." Some would apply this law to all our life. All life, they say, should proceed along the lines of fewest obstacles; should take the smooth, not the rugged way. There are senses in which this is true, but there are many senses in which it cannot be true. The line of least resistance in much of our life would be the destructive, not the beneficent, way. Because an observed order in anything is a law of the universe, it does not follow that it is a universal law. . . . . In all self-development the rugged way is the best way. Easy ways make reduced, incompact, independable souls. The same truth applies to nations. The nation sums up the character of individuals; it is a kind of infinite self, and it can never reach greatness along lines of least resistance. . . . The Christian warrior will always be the noblest type of man. St. Paul was such; Sir Galahad was such; Stonewall Jackson was such. The glory of the Christian life is that it is a warfare. Its great article of war is, "Put on the whole armor of God;" its battle hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to war." And are not its last words for the good soldier of Jesus Christ: "I have fought the good fight?" — *Henry H. Clark, D. D.*

* * *

The passing through the valley of the shadow is a "walk"—not at all what I had imagined. I had thought of it as some hurried, frightened entering upon an unwelcome flight, or some rude hustling away upon a forced and fatiguing journey. But if it is a walk, then it must be something quiet and deliberate, something prepared for and peaceful, possibly even pleasant. I had not thought of death so. I had been thinking of it as an awful summons, a sudden flight, a something full of haste and fright and terror. But no, it is a "walk" — so quiet and peaceful a thing as an evening walk amid the pleasant shadows of sunset. I wonder that I never noticed the words more carefully; for I see even further that it is not said to be a walk in the valley. That might suggest something continuous, like the weary wanderings of one lost in the dark, or entangled among the uncut forests of the valley, or amid the confusing or intricate paths of the valley. But no, the walk is not in the valley, but *through* the valley. Ah! then, it must be a straight and plain path, and one that leads somewhere. It must be a direct journey to a distinct destination. Yes, I am assured that it is, and that the destination is nothing less delightful than heaven itself. How, then, can I fear when once by faith I have connected the valley with the heaven to which it leads? This must be like the flight of a bird through some dark cloud, and then out into the full light of the sun. It must be like some traveler journeying through a deeply-shadowed canyon between the mountains, and then coming out into the broad and smiling country where the sun is shining in his glory, and where every green herb and beautiful flower is springing up to bless. Surely, if it is only a quiet walk through the sheltered valley, and the valley itself opens out full and broad in the shining fields of heaven, why, indeed, should I fear? — GERARD B. F. HALLOCK, in "Upward Steps."

* * *

A sower sowed his seeds with doubts and fears;
"I dare not hope," he said, "for fruitful ears;
Poor hath the harvest been in other years."
Yet ere the August moon had waxen old
Fair stood his fields, a waving sea of gold:
He reaped a thousandfold!

In a dark place one dropped a kindly word;
"So weak my voice," he sighed, "perchance none heard,
Or, if they did, no answering impulse stirred."
Yet in an hour his fortunes were at stake;
One put a life in peril for his sake,
Because that word he spake!

"Little I have to give, O Lord!" one cried,
"A wayward heart that oft hath Thee denied;
Couldst Thou with such a gift be satisfied?"
Yet when the soul had ceased its mournful plaint,
God took the love that seemed so poor and faint
And from it made a saint!

— *Christian Burke.*

A SPIRITUAL UMBRELLA

MRS. C. F. WILDER.

MY John has the habit of taking his umbrella to his office if the weather-clerk says, "Cloudy, local showers," and then he usually leaves it there; for in this climate "local showers" are usually postponed until the middle of the night.

Yesterday it really rained, and John politely hinted that I loan him my frail silk umbrella; but, instead, I brought forward one that had seen its best days, and, as Carlyle said of his dear Jane Welsh, was "so nobly poor!" John is not given to expressing his feelings in words, but speaks mightily with his eyes. When I gave him the umbrella I stepped out on the dining-room porch, and, looking up into the great maple tree that hides clouds, sky or sun, I remarked: "I guess there is not going to be much of a shower." I did not even look into John's eyes when he kissed me "good-bye," but I did look at him as he stepped down on the walk and raised the forlorn-looking thing I had offered, and my conscience pricked me.

It was too late to make amends, for the much-abused soul stepped rapidly around the corner of the house, flinging back on the northeast wind: "'And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew,' and beat upon that umbrella and it went to pieces and was as bad as no umbrella at all."

As I went about my morning's work I thought of what was in John's mind when he made his last remark. We had been talking, at the breakfast table, about the very passage of Scripture which John had partly quoted. The minister had read the last part of the Sermon on the Mount at prayer-meeting the previous evening, and the talk of the evening was about the lack of faith when storms come. The minister had talked about Christians living such sweet, natural lives that they

should grow and develop and unfold just as the lily grows, develops, unfolds; that we should have no anxious thought about what we shall eat, drink or wear; that it is wicked to fret or worry over imaginary troubles, and when we do strike the storm-belt we must look out that we do not have a weak spiritual umbrella.

One elderly lady at the meeting, in speaking along the line of the subject taken by the pastor, told how she planted some pansy seeds in a flower-pot. She knew just what soil, atmosphere, and care they needed. She spoke of their growth and development. "Now the seed of holiness has been planted in my soul," she said. "God expects it will grow, develop and unfold into a perfect life. God knows exactly what soil and atmosphere it needs. He knows just how much sunshine and how much storm is suited to the needs of that precious seed. I watched my pansies and I thought, 'How mysterious is growth.' How marvelously mysterious is *spiritual* growth! If our worries, our cares, our anxieties, our discouragements, are going to be like cold, drizzling, northeast storms on this seed of holiness, I, for one, will do my best to have the wind from a better quarter and the showers such as shall hasten the growth of the seed."

I thought over the meeting of the previous evening. I thought of John's remark, and the meaning he conveyed by his quotation. I thought of many people I know and have known. Some are like the saint who cultivated pansy plants and beautiful thoughts. Some constantly live with a northeast storm in their face, and hold up only a most miserably forlorn spiritual umbrella.

There was a woman I knew when I was a girl in New England, who, when asked regarding herself, invariably replied: "I am enjoying miserable health, thank you, kindly." I wonder if there are not Christians who "enjoy" "counting o'er and o'er" all their discouragements, burdens, cares, trials, poverty and "upsetting" sins! Said a wise friend, not long ago: "Self-pity is not ennobling." It is worse than northeast winds, yet it does seem as though, somehow, even Christians seem to "enjoy" looking at the trials of life instead of the blessings.

One day, many years ago, after a very dreary, hot, uncomfortable summer, I found myself on the lounge in the library, really physically unable to take up the duties of life, and mentally and spiritually clear down in the valley with a terrible storm of doubt all about me. The worst part of it all was, that my spiritual umbrella was more frail than the material one I had given my John yesterday morning. A neighbor came to call — one of those even, cool, philosophical, bright, intelligent Christian women I am proud to call "friend." I frankly told her that not only my head ached and my arms and legs and back, but my heart ached, too, and God seemed far off.

Here a tear trickled down my nose, and I went on enumerating my woes: The fall cleaning had not been finished — I was right in the midst of it; the daughters' gowns for winter were not made; the college books were more and more expensive, and there were three whole years more of such books to buy; business was dull; coal was going up, and how were we ever to see those children through college, and," — here tumbled down another tear.

I laugh as I see, in my mind's eye, my friend's face as she replied: "I believe if you will quit working so diligently, will take a dose of quinine, and will stop carrying four years' burdens at once, your head will stop aching, your heart will be lighter, and God will not seem so far off."

Since that dreary day I have often thought of my friend's remark, and I learned from it, when the storm of doubt and distrust looms up in the horizon, and my soul is much discouraged because of the way, to at once leave By-path Meadow, raise my spiritual umbrella, and hasten toward the country of Beulah.

Manhattan, Kansas.

LAMPS, PITCHERS, TRUMPETS

He held the Lamp each Sabbath day
So low that none could miss the way,
And yet so high to bring in sight
That picture fair — of Christ, the Light —
That gazing up — the Lamp between —
The hand that held it was not seen.

He held the Pitcher, stooping low,
To lips of little ones below,
Then raised it to the weary saint
And bade him drink when sick and faint;
They drank; — the Pitcher thus between —
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

He blew the Trumpet, soft and clear,
That trembling sinners need not fear,
And then with louder note and bold
To storm the walls of Satan's hold,
The Trumpet coming thus between,
The hand that held it was not seen.

But when our Captain says, "Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant! Come!
Lay down the Pitcher and the Lamp,
Lay down the Trumpet, leave the camp,"
The weary hands will then be seen,
Clasped in His pierced ones, naught between.

— *Selected.*

MRS. MELTON'S CHRISTMAS BLESSING

GRACE JEWETT AUSTIN.

MRS. MELTON was slowly running the carpet-sweeper over the rug in her husband's study, with her eyes on the large calendar over his desk.

"December first! It's a wonder how fast the days go by. I really believe I'll open the Christmas box this afternoon. It rains, and no one will call. After the children are away at school, I'll just have a quiet time for it."

Downstairs, Swedish Mary was lustily singing:

"'I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?'"

And, humming it also, Mrs. Melton and her sweeper journeyed upstairs to the bedrooms. She stopped to turn the wall-roll in "mother's room," so-called, though mother was out West for the winter, and High School Fred was sleeping there.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters," she read, and as the sweeper went back and forth over the carpets, her mind dwelt on the words. "All waters" — she had never thought definitely of that verse before. She began to name them to herself: Atlantic, Pacific, Indian Oceans; the China Sea; the Mediterranean; the great rivers of India and South America. How many waters there were, and how many people beside them! She thought of her yearly missionary dollar, and some way it did not seem so large as usual.

"And there is a special blessing just for givers to missions, too!" she exclaimed aloud. "I never realized that before."

It was growing late in the morning. The carpet-sweeper was laid aside, and dinner cares were pressing. But at last the quiet time came, and Mrs. Melton brought out the "Christmas box" from its closet corner. This box had for some years been a favorite institution with Mrs. Melton, and she had recommended it to many friends. It had two parts — one small, with a tiny slit in its cover; one large, with a generous opening. Down through the small slit Mrs. Melton dropped odd change all the year, and never felt penniless at Christmas time. Into the larger box went bits of fancy-work made, or bargains found in the shops. Early in December the box was opened for assorting, and very interesting work Mrs. Melton found it.

This had been an unusually good year for the box. Pennies and dimes were plentiful in the smaller part, while books, handkerchiefs, doilies and cushions well filled the larger. Note-book in hand, with a little puzzled scowl on her face, Mrs. Melton studied the collection.

"Now I should like to buy something really elegant for Aunt Julia. I wonder if I could possibly afford a little piece of *cloisonné*. And Fred needs a watch-chain, and John would enjoy that new set of histories. I believe the more money I save, the more I want to spend. There isn't half enough here for all I want to do."

Swedish Mary, her afternoon work done, was climbing the back stairs, still singing, though with tired voice:

"'I gave, I gave My life for thee;
What hast thou given for Me?'"

In a moment the thought of the wall-roll message came back to Mrs. Melton. "Beside all waters" — could that special blessing come to her? Slowly she began to separate those dimes and nickels into two piles. She knew that it meant Aunt Julia would get an American vase instead of the costly Japanese inlaid ware, Fred might have to accept a plain silk fob, and father get one volume rather than a set; but as the mission pile grew, her face became brighter.

"I'll divide Aunt Julia's gift between her and Japan," she said to herself; "half of John's shall go to India, and I'll divide the rest all about." To plan was to do, with Mrs. Melton; so that evening her pastor had a visitor. Very simply she told the story of her morning and her afternoon, then laid her little pile of marked envelopes in his hand. The good man cleared his throat more than once before he answered:

"Sister, you have given me 'meat in due season.' May I pass on the message?" And he did; so wisely and well that a rich blessing fell on many a trusting heart that Christmas-tide, who, re-

joicing in Christ's birth, tried also to send the good news to distant shores and peoples.

Bloomington, Ill.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate—
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you have a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown—
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all our own.
The chance that fortune lends to us
May vanish while we wait,
So spend your life's rich treasure
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letter never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent,
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait—
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

—*Anon.*

THE LECTURER

"SHE says they can be done without."

"What?"

"Men can. Be done without."

"Why, how ever — well, go on."

"She says they's discordant notes in Creation's scheme" —

"Well, I never!"

"I wrote some things down best I could on the margin of newspaper that was there, so's to get 'em by heart. She says what a woman can't do ain't worth doing. 'Curb not your powers, my sisters, with bit and bridle like to the ox and mule,' she says."

"Oxes don't wear bits."

"That's what she says, anyhow. 'Shame not the glorious possibilities of womanhood by following like a bondswoman when the sovereignty of leadership is by right yours!' I pretty near got off the bench, and Mis' Jessup turned red in the face and untied her bonnet-strings. The lecture-lady went on telling how unbecoming it was for a free female to turn in appeal to a man for everything. 'Use your own inspired intellecks,' she says. 'Can you name a man in this village whose mind you consider superior to one in this noble assembly of representative women? No!'

"I was running them over to myself, beginning with Uncle Abe Washburn, while she talked, when Mis' Jessup spoke out like it was Experience Meeting. You know her deafness makes her lose about half, and she's always wanting to help somebody along. 'Yes'm,' she says; 'as you ask, it's my duty to speak out. Doctor's got more sense in his little finger than I got in my whole body,' she says, meaning Dr. Jessup. Her back's so wide it hid the lecture-lady all 'cepting her head. The lecture-lady smiled real polite and says:

"'Quite right, my dear madam; nothing gives such vitality to a meeting as a call for discussion. I am glad that you opened this question which is so vital to the women of our country and to the progress of the nation. I should advise an immediate consideration of the subject, and appoint this lady' —

"'Excuse me, ma'am,' says Mis' Jessup; 'that isn't just it. I was speaking about the sense of the men in this village. Now, I'll own that all of 'em, so to speak, ain't to be counted in because of one thing and another, but there's the Doctor' —

"'Yes, yes,' says the lecture-lady, real amiable; 'we shall discuss the relative values of the force masculine and the force feminine, all in good time' — I wrote this down so's not to forget it. 'I am convinced that all my sisters resent the assumed superiority of the former, and realize within themselves the voice of Freedom and individual power crying for utterance! Press on to the foreground! Let not your rights be trampled under foot! Let the banner over you be "*Rights!*" Man is the sovereign brute of nature' —

"'Excuse me, ma'am,' says Mis' Jessup, 'but I'd say, meaning no offence, that it would go right hard to have to call the Doctor a "brute."'

"The lecture-lady smiled kind of coldly polite and said that she was speaking in abstrack — which means look at it small and it's one way, and look at it large and it's another.

"'Peas is peas, be they a peck or a bushel,' says Mis' Jessup, standing there like your dun cow that a steam whistle can't scare from those pasture bars till they're let down.

"'Your suggestions are of universal interest,' says the lecture-lady, 'and should strike to the heart of every woman whose soul cries for freedom. "Why should I be crushed beneath the wheel of Juggernaut?" should be her cry. "Down with those traditions which rob me of my birthright of liberty!"'

"We were so stirred up now that there was considerable nodding and whispering; the lecture-lady had got real powerful, and Mis' Jessup stood trying to catch every word, and she says:

"'It's a shame, ma'am, that it is!'

"'Yes, shame! shame!' cries the lecture-lady, waving her arms, 'shame, I say, my sister! Let us each avow ourselves free!' And she went on so feelingly, about the heel of man being on her neck, and so exciting about the same flag waving its stars over men and its stripes over women, that it was better than Labor Day parade, and Essie Crim waved her handkerchief.

"'I will no longer suffer in slave-like silence!' says the lecture-lady, waving her arms, and Mis' Jessup spoke out:

"'Don't, ma'am,' she says; 'as I said, it's a shame that any lady should have been treated so bad. You've come to the right place, for I think I'm speaking for all when I say that no woman appeals to us in vain for protection, and I would ask you right now to come home with me and let the Doctor advise you. Anybody can see you've been treated terrible bad by your husband, and if he's gone so far as to use his foot, as you say, ma'am, you've cause for complaint — though with most domestic quarrels there's faults on both sides, ma'am. Maybe your husband is a drinking man' —

"'*Husband!*' cries the lecture-lady, of a sudden losing hold of herself and dancing up and down. '*Me!* Me got a husband? Me put my head into the yoke of slavery? *Me* get trampled on by a *man!*' she screams, slamming her books together and pinning her hat on. 'How dare you insult me? *Husband!*' she panted like 'twas '*Snake!*' and she jumps off the platform, and we all got up together, and she glares at Mis' Jessup like mad. 'How dare you say "husband" to me? Do I look like a worm who crawls around the feet of a man? The next time you want a lecturer, send for one of your own purblind, cow-like, servile race, and not an enlightened and emancipated being,' she screams, 'a being who knows not the word "husband!" Ugh! Go home to your *husbands*, you poor, down-trod creatures, and never awaken from your ignorance!'

"And with that she pitches out the door and disappears, while we were all trying to explain that Mis' Jessup meant no harm.

"Presently Dr. Jessup drove up with his buggy-wheels all mud-splashed.

"'I wish you had got here sooner,' says Mis' Jessup, climbing in, 'to help soothe a poor creetur who was easing her mind here awhile ago.'

"The Doctor said that if it was the female he'd met on her way to the station he guessed she'd eased off pretty much all the mind she'd got, because when he picked her up she was clinging to the fence crying fit to kill herself.

"'Just like they all do,' he says. 'Something had made her mad, and when she come to she cried it out. I said to her, "Want to go to the train?" And I didn't wait, but jumped her in. She was gasping and sobbing, "Husband!" so I calculated they'd quarreled, and I says: "There, now, don't take it that way, ma'am. If your husband's gone and left you, he'll return, never fear, especially if you're a first-rate cook," I said; "all young people quarrel sometimes, and maybe you can win him back."

"'My, but she mopped her eyes and turned turkey-red as she jumped out and the whistle blew.

"'"*Husband!*" says she. "I'll have you know I haven't *got* any!"

"'"Well, now, is *that* it?" I said. "Then I wouldn't take it that bad, miss; *maybe you'll get one yet!*"

"'But she jumped on that train without so much as "thanky."'" — VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD, in *Outlook*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

SNOWFLAKE AND LEAF

THE big sky above the hard, frozen ground was dark. The little stars had hidden their winking yellow eyes, and the round old moon had forgotten to shine. Big black clouds were hurrying past each other, back and forth, from east to west.

Up on the old oak-tree at the corner of the lane a little leaf still clung. He was very tiny, very brown, and very much wrinkled; but still he kept a tight hold on the stiff old branch where he had lived all his life.

"Ugh!" he said, as he shivered and clung still closer. "It's going to rain again. I'm sure I felt a drop just then."

But it was not a drop of rain, but a soft, cold something else which nestled wetly down among the little brown wrinkles. The leaf stirred slightly and shivered again.

"What is the matter?" queried a sweet voice.

"I'm very cold," said the leaf.

"Are you? What makes you cold?" asked the voice.

"I think it is — you," the kind little

leaf answered slowly, dreading lest he hurt some one's feelings.

"Oh, no, I'm sure it is not I, because I'm not cold; and if I made you cold I would be cold too, wouldn't I?"

"I suppose you would," said the leaf, thoughtfully. "But I am not warm as I am in the summer-time. I'm lonesome, too, up here alone — that is, I am when you are not here," he added, politely.

"What is summer?" asked the snowflake. "I never heard about it."

"It is a very nice time," said the leaf, hugging the old tree and drawing his tight edges closer. "It's the time when you are green and soft and — and warm," he added with a sigh.

"I don't believe we have it up where I live, then," said the snowflake, "for I never remember being green."

"It is very pleasant in summer," continued the leaf. "The birds perch upon the branches here and sing so sweetly. Once a robin built a beautiful nest just under where we are now. It was a large nest, and was made of hay and threads woven nicely together. One day long after the nest was built, after the mother bird had been staying in the nest nearly all the time, I saw four tiny birds with great big mouths wide open. It seemed to me that they were always calling to be fed, and the mother bird and the father bird were busy from morning till night fetching worms for those hungry little ones. But before long the mother bird taught them to fly, and one by one they left the nest and flew out into the world. I am never alone in summer, for the tree is full of leaves; but they have fallen off one at a time until only I am left. Every time the wind blows I expect to go, too."

"Where will you go?" asked the snowflake, with much interest.

"Oh, I shall drop to the ground below and grow smaller and smaller until I sink down underneath where the new grass is preparing to sprout and the violets are ready to wake when the great, warm sun bids them push their little folded leaves and buds up through the warm earth."

"Is it nice down there in the dark?"

"Oh, yes, it is very warm and sweet, and not a bit lonely; for the worms and bugs and roots and seeds are all busy, making ready for the spring days."

Just then a heavy gust of wind shook the old oak-tree, and down fell the little brown leaf, snowflake and all. The snowflake melted, and the little leaf lay happily there, waiting to reach the busy little world below the sod. — HELEN T. PREBLE, in *Christian Register*.

How to Catch a Monkey

IF wild animals are to be caged and exhibited to wondering spectators, they must first be caught. So all over the world there are men whose sole business it is to catch the various kinds of wild creatures, in order to ship them to the great animal dealers. Many are the ingenious methods employed. In an article in *Frank Leslie's Magazine* an ingenious plan for catching monkeys is described.

Ring-tail monkeys, one of the most valuable and expensive of the smaller animals, are caught in an interesting way. A cocoanut is split in two, and a banana with a piece of wood running through it placed lengthwise through the nut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wires. Then a hole is cut large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole, and smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catchers appear and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the cocoanut on his paw, and he will not let go of that, so he is captured pawing wildly at the tree trunk. — *S. S. Advocate.*

THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY

"Oh, the wind in the chimney!
I hate the wind in the chimney!
It scolds and complains, and it never does tire,"
Says Harry, who's crouching down by the fire.
Alas! Alas! What does the wind say?
"Oh, Harry, you've been a bad boy today!
You've cheated at school, and cheated at play,
And worried and fretted to have your own way,"
Says the angry wind in the chimney.

"Oh, the wind in the chimney!
I love the wind in the chimney!
It laughs and it whistles, it sings and it crows,"
Says Johnny, who's warming his fingers and toes.
Ha, ha! Ha, ha! What does the wind say?
"Oh, Johnny, you've been a good boy today,
So faithful in school, and honest in play,
And many a fellow you've helped on the way!"
Says the merry wind in the chimney.

— *Youth's Companion.*

JAMIE'S SERENADE

"MAMMA, what are serenades?" asked Jamie.

"It's a song," said mamma. "But why do you want to know?"

"A song!" said Jamie. "Why, I heard Uncle Jim say that he went out to give a serenade on Tuesday night. I thought it was something to give some one."

"Why, you give them a song, you see. When you are very fond of some one, you go at night and sing a song under her windows. That is to show the person that you love her."

"Must you do it at night?"

"Yes, I think so."

"But s'pose your mother won't let you sit up late at night, or s'pose you fall asleep and can't wake yourself up."

"Oh, the people that give serenades do it secretly, and they commonly have no trouble in keeping awake at night."

"Oh!" said Jamie, as if he were perfectly enlightened about the matter.

Then mamma forgot all about the matter, but Jamie pondered long and earnestly.

Two nights later grandma was just settling herself for her first nap, when she heard a sound that made her raise her night-capped head from her pillow in haste.

"Father, that's Jamie!" she exclaimed.

"Nonsense! Jamie was in dreamland an hour ago," said grandpa.

Then a shrill boyish voice arose on the night air:

"My kitty has gone from her basket,
My kitty has gone up a tree;
Oh, who will go up in the branches,
And bring back my kitty to me?
Bri-ing back, bri-ing back,
Oh, bring back my kitty to me, to me!"

"Jamie Carrol, what do you mean? Come right in out of that damp night air."

"Wait till I finish my song, grandma," said an aggrieved voice. "You oughtn't to interrupt it, 'cause it's a serenade."

"Does your mother know you're here?"

"Of course not. Serenades are secret."

"Let the boy finish his song," said grandpa, with a chuckle.

"Have you got all your clothes on?" demanded grandma.

"Why, of course."

"Well, put this scarf around your neck, and finish your song. Then come to the kitchen door, and I will give you some refreshments."

"Oh, do you get refreshments for serenades?"

"Yes, indeed! Now hurry."

The shrill refrain was taken up again, and the music finished in double-quick time. When he finished, he found grandma at the door waiting for him, with a plate of the little chocolate cakes that Jamie thought were the very best things in the world to eat. Grandpa was there, too; and, when the refreshments were disposed of, he escorted the small serenader home.

"Good-bye, dear," said grandma. "I enjoyed your music very much."

But mamma collapsed with a string of incoherent exclamations when she opened the door to the runaway. "Why didn't you tell me about it?" she demanded.

"Why, mamma, you said yourself that they were secret. And I love grandma the best after you, and I wanted to surprise her. She liked it very much, and I had refreshments and lots of fun."

"But you'll tell me about it next time, won't you? Because people can always tell secrets to their mother."

"All right," said Jamie, "I will." — *Christian Standard.*

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—

That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." MRS. IDA E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Rid the blood of all impurities and cure all eruptions.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

Fourth Quarter Lesson XI

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1908.

1 KINGS 8 : 1-11; 62, 63.

THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE

I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.* — Psa. 122 : 3.

2. DATE: B. C. 1004 or 1005 (B. C. 965 according to the Assyrian inscriptions); the 12th year of Solomon's reign.

3. PLACE: Jerusalem

4. THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

(1) *Its Site.* — Mount Moriah (Araunah's threshing-floor). See 2 Sam. 24. "The rugged top of Moriah was leveled with immense labor; its sides, which to the east and south were precipitous, were faced with a wall of stone, built up perpendicular from the bottom of the valley, so as to appear to those who looked down of most terrific height — a work of prodigious skill and labor, as the immense stones were strongly mortised together and wedged into the rock" (Milman). "The platform constructed by Solomon's engineers was probably an area of about twelve acres, or a quadrangle of 900 feet by 600 feet" (Sime).

(2) *Its Materials.* — David had collected 100,000 talents of gold and 1,017,000 talents of silver. "If we reckon the talents of silver at 3,000 shekels of silver (each worth $0 5474), according to the usual Mosaic or sacred value, and if the gold shekel be sixteen times that of silver, the gold and silver thus gathered by David would amount to £589,500,000, or $4,270,500,000, a sum incredibly high for the requirements of worship at that time. On the contrary, if we assume with Keil that the present shekel is not the sacred (Mosaic), but the civil (so-called) shekel, after the king's weight, and that these royal shekels were only half as weighty as the others, and so equal in weight and value to the bekah or Mosaic half shekel (Ex. 38 : 26), an assumption that seems to be corroborated by the comparison of 1 Kings 10 : 17 with 2 Chron. 9 : 16, the sum named is reduced by at least a half to about $2,000,000,000" (Lange). Besides the gold and silver, brass and iron were used beyond computation, and vast amounts of cedar were cut in Mt. Lebanon and sent to Jerusalem *via* Joppa. Huge stones were quarried for foundations and walls, and precious stones collected in great abundance.

(3) *Its Workmen.* — Hiram, king of Tyre, was the chief architect and supplied laborers for cutting down the cedar and transporting it to Joppa; also skilled workmen for handling the precious metals, embroidering, carving, etc. Thirty thousand Israelites were levied to work in three divisions, each for one month, then rest for two, etc.; and 150,000 laborers, drawn from the ranks of the enslaved Canaanites, were also put to work. The time occupied in building the temple was seven and one-half years.

(4) *Its Plan and Dimensions.* — Like the tabernacle, the new and more permanent structure consisted of a Holy of Holies, a Holy Place, and a Porch, the dimensions of the temple being exactly double that of the tent which it replaced — namely, ninety feet long, thirty broad, and forty-five (ceiled up to thirty) feet high. The Holy of Holies was a cube of thirty feet; the Holy Place was sixty feet long, with a partition between it and the Holy of Holies; the Porch, of the same width as the sanctuary, projected fifteen feet, and its front was supported by two pillars of brass. Around the sides and end of the building were erected three tiers of chambers — a sort of three-storied house, each story being seven and a half feet high, the floor timbers of the middle and upper stories resting upon receding sections of the temple walls, but not fastened to them. These chambers were entered from the outside by winding stairs and divided into apartments for the use of the priests and for storage purposes. Sufficient wall-space was left above these chambers for latticed windows to light the sanctuary. The whole area enclosed for the temple and its courts was a square of about 600 feet. The front of the temple faced the east.

5. HOME READINGS: *Monday* — 1 Kings 8 : 1-11; 62, 63. *Tuesday* — 1 Kings 8 : 12-21. *Wednesday* — 1 Kings 8 : 22-30. *Thursday* — 1 Kings 8 : 31-40. *Friday* — 2 Chron. 7 : 1-11. *Saturday* — 2 Chron. 7 : 12-22. *Sunday* — Psa. 122.

II Introductory

The supreme moment had come. The temple, finished and furnished at last, after years of preparation and building, was about to receive its consecration — but not alone by human rite. The Divine glory was to descend in a cloud so luminously dark and awful that no priest could tarry within the precincts. The apartments and utensils were to receive the hallowing touch of the Shekinah and be thenceforward invested with a sacredness which no chrism of oil could confer. A solemn silence rested on the people, who had gathered in immense numbers to this double festival of Dedication and Tabernacles "from the entering in of Hamath to the river of Egypt." With eager eyes they gazed upon the two processions advancing joyfully, the one from Gibeon bearing the tattered relics of the sacred tent, the other from Zion conveying the ark to its new resting-place in the Holy of Holies. With eager ears they listened to the white-robed singers and musicians, to the number of 4,000, pouring forth their glad strains of praise to Jehovah: "For He is good; for His mercy endureth forever." But when the cloud filled the house — the symbol of God's presence — and the priests fled trembling from their ministrations, a hush of awe fell upon the assembly. The stillness was broken by Solomon, who, on this high day, assumed the functions of priest as well as king. Standing on a brazen platform before the great altar where he had been offering sacrifices, he first solemnly blessed the people; and then, kneeling and stretching forth his hands toward heaven, he offered a prayer which for comprehensiveness and sublimity has no parallel in recorded human speech; its leading thought, repeated with beautiful variety and minuteness, being: "That the abode which Jehovah had now designed to sanctify with His presence might prove the centre of blessing and forgiveness to His people; that whatever prayer for help, whatever penitent confession in the time of suffering and exile they might offer toward that house, God would hear it from His true dwelling-place in heaven, and forgive His people who had sinned against Him." A second priestly blessing followed this prayer, and then, as in the case of the first altar of burnt-offering, the fire of God fell from heaven and consumed the sacrifice.

III Expository

1-2. **Solomon assembled the elders.** — The occasion justified it. But not only were the elders and princes present, the people were too interested to stay away. All came who could. **To bring up the ark** — which David had placed under a new tabernacle constructed for the purpose on Mt. Zion. Zion was the western of the two hills on which Jerusalem was built. Between it and Moriah, the eastern hill, lay the Tyropœon valley. The month Ethanim — also called Tisri, corresponding with parts of our September and October.

3. **The elders came** — to march in the procession, which was to descend into the Tyropœon valley, and ascend the opposite hill. **The priests took up the ark.** — Strictly, only the Levites could carry the ark, but the priests bore it at the crossing of the Jordan, and priests were also Levites.

4. **And the tabernacle of the congregation** (R. V., "the tent of meeting").— "This consecrated tent, which had up to this time stood in Gibeon, was now taken down, and the curtains and poles of which it consisted seem to have been brought to the temple to be preserved" (Cambridge Bible). **All the holy vessels** — the altar of incense, the candlestick, the table of shewbread, the brazen altar, and possibly such relics as the brazen serpent. **These did the priests and Levites bring up.** — This procession from Gibeon probably joined that from Zion. A grand orchestra and chorus, consisting of four thousand musicians and singers, made the air resonant with festal anthems and praises of Him "whose mercy endureth forever."

5. **King Solomon and all . . . before the ark.** — They probably preceded or led the procession, and took up their position in the court near the great altar; now they were occupied in testifying their gratitude and praise and self-dedication by offering innumerable sacrifices as the processions entered. As all the priests were sanctified for this occasion (2 Chron. 5 : 11), all could be occupied in this sacrificial work.

6-8. **The priests brought in the ark** — the staves resting on their shoulders, entering the porch they passed through the Holy Place and the curtains of the Holy of Holies, where they halted and reverently lowered the symbol to the floor. **Oracle of**

"Cleaning House"

A Change of Food Cleans the Soul's House

When the body is clogged up by the use of improper food, and sickness sets in, there is nothing so good as a "house cleaning," and the right way to do this is to change the food; for although taking medicines may afford a temporary relief, a complete change of food is much the surest and safest way.

The highest medical authority in the world, *The Lancet* of London, says of Grape-Nuts: "Our analysis shows it is a nutritive of a high order, since it contains the constituents of a complete food in very satisfactory and rich proportion and in an easily assimilable state." "About two years ago," says a resident of Springville, Ind., "I had a terrible stomach trouble, and although I tried all kinds of medicines none of them cured me. I was so run down I could not eat, got very little sleep, and was dizzy-headed and miserable all the time. About that time a friend told me that the only way to cure my trouble was to change my food, and recommended Grape-Nuts.

"From my very first meal of Grape-Nuts my stomach began to get better, and all the improvements that come from a healthy stomach in place of an unhealthy one soon followed; and this was not all, for just as great an improvement came in my brain. All the dizziness is gone, and my brain is now clear and active. I can eat anything I want, sleep well, and am altogether a new man mentally and physically.

"At the time I commenced to use this food I was nothing but a skeleton weighing 130 pounds; but now I have got back my normal weight of nearly 200." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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the house — the secret place where His mercy was, in a sense, declared at every yearly entrance of the high priest. Cherubim covered the ark and the staves — emblems of God's immediate presence. With wings outstretched over the mercy seat, which covered the receptacle of the tables of the law, they silently but eloquently voiced God's ineffable majesty and mercy and presence. And they drew out the staves (R. V., "and the staves were so long"). — The ark appears to have been set down as near the end wall as possible, but the staves were not removed. These projected, it seems, somewhat into the Holy Place, and were visible on the curtain — a perpetual reminder to the ministering priests of the presence of the holy symbol. Unto this day — the date when this portion of the First Book of Kings was written.

9. Nothing in the ark save the two tables of stone — the golden pot of manna and Aaron's rod having been, apparently, removed. When the priests came out from the Holy of Holies, the musicians tuned their voices in praise of Him "whose mercy endureth forever" (see 2 Chron. 5 : 11-14).

10, 11. The cloud filled the house — the Shekinah, veiling God's glory from mortal eyes, not confining itself to the place above the mercy-seat in the Holy of Holies, but pervading the entire structure, and hallowing all with such an awful sense of the Divine Presence that the priests felt compelled to retreat. Appearing first as the pillar of cloud and flame in the Exode, it had been seen at various emergencies of the nation's history, and now appeared as evidence that Jehovah accepted the new structure as He had formerly accepted the tabernacle. The king, at this point, took part in the services, first blessing the multitude, then recounting the reason why he had built the sanctuary, then kneeling and offering the prayer of dedication. This prayer was answered by the descent of fire from heaven, consuming the sacrifices on the altar.

62, 63. The king and all Israel offered sacrifices — an immense number, and as accorded with the occasion and the grateful liberality of the king and people. These victims, of course, were not all slaughtered in one day; the solemnities continued during a week or more (verse 65). The meat of peace-offerings could be eaten by the people.

IV Inferential

1. It is "meet, right, and our bounden duty" to build and dedicate houses to the worship of Almighty God.

2. We may confidently expect to meet there His hallowing presence and mercy.

3. Symbols pass, but not the reality. Even *we* may become human temples. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (1 Cor. 3 : 16.)

4. Solomon in all his glory was never more truly great than when he knelt in the presence of his people and "stretched forth his hands toward heaven." No worldly leadership can compare with leadership in prayer.

V Illustrative

1. Alone and isolated in its grandeur stood the Temple Mount. Terrace upon terrace its courts rose, till high above the city, within the enclosure of marble cloisters, the temple itself stood out, a mass of snowy marble and of gold, glittering in the sunlight against the half-encircling green background of Olivet. . . . Nor has there been in ancient or modern times a sacred building equal to the temple, whether for situation or magnificence (Edersheim).

2. The size of the temple, compared to that of our cathedrals, or even churches, was insignificant; for, like all sacred edifices of the nations of antiquity, it was designed not for the assembling of the people — the four courts were for that — but as the especial dwelling-place, or "house," of God. . . . It was rather a monument of the wealth than of the architectural science and skill of the people. It was a wonder of the world from the splendor of its materials, more than the grace, boldness or majesty of its height and dimensions (Geikie).

3. The temple so wondrously consecrated by the visible symbol of God's presence, became from that moment the pride and glory of the nation; and, as years passed, the reverent love of a spot so holy rose almost to superstitious adoration. All that was best in the community turned to it alike in their joys and sorrows, in their moments of grateful thanksgiving and in their darkest trials. To see it periodically, and to worship in its courts, became the intensest desire of every Hebrew, wherever his lot might be cast. Three times a year long trains of pilgrims turned to it from every part of the land; and before the Passover, especially, vast multitudes crowded to it from the most distant countries. Nor were these great national gatherings only occasions for listening to sermons, or joining in sacrifices. They were the high festivals of the race where all innocent delights brightened life. But even these fond associations were infinitely less tender and sacred than the spiritual links which bound Israel to the "Holy Place." In his thoughtful hours, especially when pressed with trial, the words of one of the Psalms became the instructive utterance of every godly Hebrew:

> "One thing have I craved of Jehovah; that do I seek after:
> To dwell in the house of Jehovah all the days of my life;
> To look with glad eyes at the beauty of Jehovah
> And to refresh my soul at His temple."
>
> (Geikie.)

WHY SWAMP-ROOT GIVES STRENGTH

Almost every one, from personal experience, knows that the effects of any kind of severe physical strain are felt, first of all, in the small of the back — in other words, in those Vital Organs, the Kidneys. This is as true in the case of the very powerful as it is with one of less strength, and it is especially true whenever the kidneys are weak.

The Great Kidney Remedy, Swamp-Root, strengthens the kidneys, and through them helps all the other organs.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root spoken of by ZION'S HERALD, the ones we publish this week for the benefit of our readers speak in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

Mrs. H. N. Wheeler, of 117 High Rock Street, Lynn, Mass., writes on Nov. 2, 1901: "About 18 months ago I had a very severe spell of sickness. I was extremely sick for three weeks, and when I was finally able to leave my bed I was left with excruciating pains in my back. My water at times looked very like coffee. I could pass but little at a time, and then only after suffering great pain. My physical condition was such that I had no strength, and was all run down. *The doctors said my kidneys were not affected*, but I felt certain that they were the cause of my trouble. My sister, Mrs. C. E. Littlefield, of Lynn, advised me to give Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root a trial. I procured a bottle, and inside of three days commenced to get relief. I followed up that bottle with another, and at the completion of this one found I was completely cured. My strength returned, and today I am as well as ever. Swamp-Root is so pleasant to take!

My business is that of canvasser. I am on my feet a great deal of the time, and have to use much energy in getting around. My cure is therefore all the more remarkable, and is exceedingly gratifying to me."

Mrs. H. N. Wheeler

MRS. H.N. WHEELER.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease; therefore, when through neglect or other causes kidney trouble is permitted to continue, *fatal results are sure to follow.*

We often see a friend, a relative, or an acquaintance apparently well, but in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their severe illness or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble — Bright's Disease.

The Effect of the Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root

"Having heard that you could procure a sample bottle of Swamp-Root free, by mail, I wrote to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle, and it was promptly sent. I was so pleased after trying the sample bottle that I sent to the drug store and procured a supply. I have used Swamp-Root regularly for some time, and consider it unsurpassed as a remedy for torpid liver, loss of appetite, and general derangement of the digestive functions. I think my trouble was due to too close confinement in my business. I can recommend it highly for all liver and kidney complaints. I am not in the habit of endorsing any medicine, but in this case I cannot speak too much in praise of what Swamp-Root has done for me."

W. F. Lohnes, 43½ West High St.

Springfield, Ohio, Feb. 21, 1901.

EDITORIAL NOTE — If you are sick, or "feel badly," begin taking the wonderful discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are getting better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince any one.

You may have a sample bottle of this great remedy, Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact, their very lives, to the great curative properties of Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in Boston ZION'S HERALD.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

PRINT IN BINDING

OUR BOOK TABLE

Christ and Progress. By David James Burrell, D. D. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, $1.50, net.

"A Discussion of Problems of Our Time" is the sub-title; also "Studies of the Modern Man's Questions." Some twenty sermons are here, devoted in the main to the old theology, the religion of the fathers, the overthrow of the rampant errors of the day. Dr. Burrell does not beat about the bush. His trumpet gives no uncertain sound. He boldly takes the ground that if the Bible is not correct in its references to science and history, it is not correct in anything, and has no authority for religion. The men who wrote it he considers to be mere amanuenses — the authorship was Divine; "there are no mistakes in the Bible." Those who differ with him on these points — multitudes of devout and scholarly and divinely anointed men, leaders in Israel — he denounces as "wolves clad in wool and mingling with the sheep, Doeg the Edomite skulking behind the altar, Shimei in ambush throwing stones at the king." He calls on them to "take their places in the open and lift up their banners against Zion," as the outspoken infidels of old did. All this is very paltry and pitiful, not to say shameful and sinful. It is a shriek of despair betraying the weakness of a lost cause. The Bible and Christianity may well pray to be defended from such defenders. They are badly belated. Why the word "progress" appears in this book's title, is a puzzle.

Laura Bridgman: Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil, and What he Taught her. By Maud Howe and Florence Howe Hall. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston. Price, $1.50.

Two daughters of Dr. Howe tell the fascinating story of the first case of successful instruction in the case of a child who was blind as well as deaf and dumb. It is the first time it has been fully told, and hence the book has not a little scientific importance. Laura's own journal is given, as well as her ventures in authorship and extracts from journals of different teachers. The book is somewhat marred, to our thinking, by such expressions as "gross superstitions," "dark phantasms," "human inventions," "pietistic cant," applied by the authors to the ideas of orthodox Christians regarding the future life, which were taught to Laura when she was with her relatives in New Hampshire one summer. She was immersed there and joined the Baptist Church (her father was a Baptist) in 1863, when she was thirty-three years old. It made her very happy, but made the Howes quite angry, if one may judge from the expressions used. The intolerance of the "liberals" is usually quite as great as that of those whom they most complain against for bigotry.

Today in Syria and Palestine. By William Eleroy Curtis. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, $2, net.

These are the letters sent from Syria to the Chicago *Record-Herald* in 1901 by the well-known newspaper correspondent. They were dictated to his son, an average of 2,500 words a day for the entire journey, wherever a place could be found to put a typewriter, often surrounded by groups of astonished natives. The result is a volume of over 500 pages, amply illustrated from photographs taken on the spot. A spirit of loyalty to the Bible and to mission work pervades it, and from Beirut to the Dead Sea pretty much everything of importance is graphically described.

The Representative Men of the Bible. By George Matheson, D. D. A. C. Armstrong & Son: New York. Price, $1.75.

The former series, already noticed in these columns, being well received, this second volume naturally follows, and doubtless a third is well under way. For this begins with "Ishmael the Outcast," and proceeds to "Daniel the Daring," taking up Lot, Balaam, Caleb, Boaz, Gideon, Jonathan, Jonah, Isaiah, Hezekiah, and others. The author is neutral as to higher criticism and old orthodoxy, not bothering with those questions at all, but treating the figures as they appear and searching for the revelation that comes through them, as any sensible preacher will do, recognizing that the moral and spiritual truth is the main thing, and not questions of dates and origins. He asks the question: What did the artist who drew these pictures mean? And he finds delineated "the manifold wisdom of God."

After Prison — What? By Maud Ballington Booth. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, $1.25, net.

Mrs. Booth pleads for her boys as only a mother can. She believes in them, and looks with confidence to a bright future for them when they shall have lived down their sad record, stormed the walls of prejudice, and wrested recognition from the skeptical. The stories she has to tell are very pitiful, and the drafts she makes on one's sympathies or indignation are very large. But she is doing a magnificent work with her "Prison League" and "Halls of Hope." In the way of prison reform, or, as she prefers to call it, "prisoner-reforming," she has accomplished not a little. She declares that it pays well, and gives proofs. We believe her, and wish her Godspeed in this right noble and truly Christlike endeavor.

The Ambassadors. By Henry James. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, $2, net.

This story, which has been for a long time running in the *North American*, and still appears there, is now issued complete in book form. It is a study of men and women, such as only Mr. James is capable of making, and such as will seem prolix to those who like a little more rapid movement. The plot is developed with originality, and marked with that finesse which characterizes the mature work of this great novelist, the scene being laid in England and Paris, mainly the latter, where much of the unconventional life of that city is seen.

Their Child. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents.

Mr. Herrick, graduating in the 1890 class of Harvard at the age of twenty-two, has traveled much and written much and taught much, being now assistant professor of rhetoric in the University of Chicago. This story is a study in heredity, and promises at times to be very tragic, but ends in more hopeful shape. Both father and mother settle down at last to a stern, resolute fight to rescue their child from the fate which seems to threaten him because of the evil deeds of his ancestry, recognizing their responsibility, and facing their task without flinching.

The Bondage of Ballinger. By Roswell Field. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, $1.25.

Ballinger, descended from a long line of New England ministers, and married to a gentle Quakeress, was in bondage to books, the passion for buying which stripped him of about all his cash as fast as it was earned. As years came on, things looked rather dark for the Ballinger family, but a Mæcenas in petticoats appears. The daughter of a wealthy grocer strikes up a great friendship for him, and thus a way is found to steer his bark into the quiet haven of a sinecure library position, where he ends his days in great peace. It is a pleasant trifle, with no particular moral meaning and no hint of the strenuous life, but some gentle philosophy and tender humor, and much genuine affection. One cannot help liking the booklover in spite of his unpractical ways and the trouble he makes his good wife by his inability to resist the temptation to possess himself of a first edition or a rare copy.

A Model Christian. By T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

Our New Edens. By J. R. Miller, D. D.

Presbyterian Board of Publication: Philadelphia. Price, each, 75 cents, net.

Two more volumes of sermons in the Presbyterian Pulpit series, by preachers of somewhat similar habits of thought. In both cases the trend is practical and spiritual rather than dogmatic or controversial. "Our New Edens" are the Christian homes we may make. The "Model Christian" is Barnabas. Other topics are: "Beauty of Quietness," "Way to God," "True Glory of Life," "Burden-Bearing," "Right Views of Things."

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, $1.50, net.

This striking feature in this edition of the world-famous classic is the 31 illustrations in sepia by Harold Copping, representing Bunyan's characters in the every-day costume of Bunyan's day. It is called the "Puritan Edition," and is very complete at all points, correct in text, and handsomely gotten up in every way.

Sunday Talks on Nature Topics. By D. A. Jordan, D. D. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, 75 cents.

These are very simple talks indeed, on such themes as "Seeds," "Plowing," "Growth," "Harvest," "Clouds," designed to apply to the minds of children the moral application of common things. Junior workers and teachers in the home may obtain useful hints how to secure attention and interest from the little folks.

In the Days of the Red River Rebellion: Life and Adventure in the Far West of Canada. By John McDougall. William Briggs: Toronto. Price, $1.25.

The story of a Wesleyan Methodist missionary among the Indians, well told, and reminding us much of Egerton R. Young's books. One is put in close contact with the brave toilers in those high latitudes who suffer and labor heroically for Jesus, not without fruit. It does one good to imbibe their spirit. There is not much space taken up with the Rebellion, but it serves to locate the time, 1868-'72.

A Betrayed Trust. A Story of Our Own Times and Country. A Romance of the Middle West. By W. T. McClure. Smith & Lamar: Nashville, Tenn. Price, 75 cents.

The publishing house of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, does not put its imprint on romances, as a rule. But this one is written for the Epworth Leaguers, to

"JUST RUN ACROSS"

Some People are Lucky

Some people make an intelligent study of food and get on the right track (pure food); others are lucky enough to stumble upon the right way out of the difficulty, just as a Philadelphia young woman did.

She says: "I had suffered terribly from nervous indigestion; everything seemed to disagree with me, and I was on the point of starvation, when one day I happened to run across a demonstration of Postum Food Coffee at one of the big stores here.

"I took a sample home, and a sample of Grape-Nuts as well, and there tried them again and found they agreed with me perfectly. For months I made them my main diet, and as the result I am restored to my former perfect health and can eat everything I want to.

"When I spoke to my physician about Grape-Nuts he said, 'It is a most excellent food.'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Look for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in every package of both Postum and Grape Nuts.

stimulate young people to better living. As the title indicates, faithfulness to every promise is the main lesson taught. The plot is rather skillfully managed, although matters shape themselves more in accord with poetic justice than they are apt to do in real life. It is hard for the tyro in authorship to deny himself that satisfaction.

The Ship of State. By Those at the Helm. Ginn & Co.: Boston.

Here are twelve articles which have appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, on the different departments of the Government, such as the Presidency, Supreme Court, the Army, the Navy, Post-office, Senate, Congress, etc. They are written by such experts as Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, Thomas B. Reed, David J. Brewer, John D. Long, William R. Day, William L. Wilson, and others. Whoever reads it will come to have a much better knowledge of how this nation is governed, and of how great a country this is. Patriotism will be stimulated, misconceptions removed, and important information extended.

Don'ts for Mothers. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, 50 cents, net.

A small book (120 pages, 16mo), but with much condensed wisdom, by one who has had large experience and has a high appreciation of "the priceless blessing of motherhood." Most of the counsels are such as all will recognize to be very judicious; but we should have to take exception to a very few: "Don't make a sweeping condemnation of all alcoholic beverages." "Don't keep your daughter in a moral straitjacket." Can one be too strait in morals? "All things have their uses and abuses," the author says; she evidently believes in a moderate use of alcoholic beverages. We do not, deeming it far safer to eschew them altogether.

A Little Brother to the Bear. By William J. Long. Ginn & Co.: Boston. Price, $1.50, net.

The second chapter, which tells about the coon, gives title to the book. But the other chapters, about the wild cat, the woodcock, the lynx, the toad, the kingfisher, and many others of the wild folk of the woods, are just as fascinating. It is almost impossible to lay the book down after once starting in. What with the pictures and the incidents and the keen, sympathetic touches, not unmixed with humor, it is very delightful reading. Mr. Long is surely in closest touch with the forest creatures, and to see them through his eyes is a rare treat, good for both head and heart.

The Story of Little Tom and Maggie. From "The Mill on the Floss," of George Eliot. Dana Estes & Co.: Boston. Price, 75 cents, net.

A second volume in the "Famous Children of Literature Series," edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. "The Mill on the Floss" presents one of the most perfect studies of child life in English literature. The delightful adventures of Tom Tulliver and his sister, Maggie, are told, with few omissions, from the time when Tom is driven home from the academy in the gig, to the proud day when he pays the debt on his father's property. Maggie's experiences among the gypsies, and her brother's adventures at Kings Lorton, furnish some of the best chapters in the book. All the passages of the novel which would fail to interest a child are omitted in the story. The story is told as nearly as possible in the exact language of the author.

Five Little Peppers at School. By Margaret Sidney. Lothrop Publishing Co.: Boston. Price, $1.10, net.

Since over 500,000 copies of the famous Little Pepper books have been sold in America, there is little need of expatiating on the merits of this eighth in the series. Polly and Joel and David and the rest are larger, and have merry times at school — tennis matches, picnics, prizes, and such.

Maisie and her Dog Snip in Fairyland. By Bennet Musson. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, $1.30, net.

Much of a sort with "Alice in Wonderland," only this tells about griffins and gnomes and giants. The fun is certainly rich and rare, if one does not mind such little things as the grossest absurdities and absolute impossibilities. The comical illustrations add much to the enjoyment.

Dorothy's Playmates. By Amy Brooks. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, 80 cents, net.

The second of the "Dorothy Dainty" series. To Dorothy and her little friends, Mollie and Flossie, kindness and good-breeding are so natural and bring so much happiness that opposite qualities seem odious by contrast. An important character in this, as in the first volume, is Nancy Ferris, the former waif, whose inherited skill in dancing leads to her being stolen from her new home. The charming illustrations are in Miss Brooks' best style.

Two Young Lumbermen; or, From Maine to Oregon for Fortune. By Edward Stratemeyer. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, $1, net.

This is the first volume of the "Great American Industries" series. The heroes are two sturdy youths who have been brought up among the lumbermen of their native State, and who strike out in an honest endeavor to better their condition. As mill hands, fellers, log drivers, and general camp workers, they have a variety of adventures, absorbing in the extreme. A contract with a railroad company for lumber forms an important part of the story, and how all hands worked to fulfil this contract will interest older heads quite as much as young people. It is an ideal volume for the library of every wide-awake American who wishes to know what our great lumber industry is today.

Joe the Surveyor; or, The Value of a Lost Claim. By Edward Stratemeyer. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, 80 cents, net.

This story relates the trials and triumphs of a sturdy country youth who is compelled, by the force of circumstances, to go forth into the world and earn, not alone his own living, but also support for his twin sister and his invalid father. After some trying experiences, Joe falls in with a surveyor, who is at work among the mountains of Pensylvania, not many miles from the lad's home. Joe does the surveyor a good turn, and for this is given a position as an assistant. While at his duties the youth learns something concerning a rascally partner who had once cheated his parent out of some property. Joe sets to work to right this wrong. He is placed in more than one position of peril, the outcome of which is certain to interest any youthful reader.

Famous Children. Who have Gained Renown in the Past. By H. Twitchell. Illustrated from Historical Paintings. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, $1, net.

These are well-written accounts, not of the childhood of great men and women, but of boys and girls who for deeds and experiences during their childhood are fa-

The Youth's Companion

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR $1.75
SEE CHRISTMAS OFFER BELOW

THE CONTENTS OF THE 52 ISSUES OF THE 1904 VOLUME WILL INCLUDE

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mous in history, song, and story. For convenience the subjects are grouped as "Royal Children," "Child Artists," "Learned Children," "Devoted Children," "Heroic Children," etc. The names of "The Two Little Princes," "Louis XVII," "Mozart," "Canova," "St. Genevieve," "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," "David," and "Joan of Arc" are here, as well as those of many more, perhaps not less worthy or interesting, but less well known. The stories are in every way reliable, as the best authorities in each case have been carefully followed.

The Little Owls at Red Gates. By Ella Farman Pratt. Dana Estes & Co.: Boston. Price, 60 cents, net.

This is a companion volume to that very successful little book, "Jimmy Crow," and to the earlier books in this popular series—"Where was the Little White Dog?" and "What Did the Black Cat Do?" The story is told, as in the case of the other books, by means of rebus illustrations, drawn with great grace and skill, and forming a charming commentary on the text.

The Little Foresters: A Story of Fields and Woods. By Clarence Hawkes. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.: New York. Price, 60 cents, net.

Another of the Twentieth Century juveniles. The book is the more remarkable in that its author has been totally blind since boyhood. But his incidents and descriptions are wholly true to life. He makes the animals talk, and pictures the woodland world as they themselves see it. We get very well acquainted with Nimrod the crow, Frisk and Frolic the squirrels, Reynard the fox, Chucky, Black Lightning, and so on. The style is easy, conversational, and vivid, well adapted to children.

Little Dick's Christmas. By Ethelred B. Barry. Dana Estes & Co.: Boston. Price, 40 cents, net.

A very touching story of a brave, simple-hearted child, very winning in his ways, who is used by Providence to do a great deal of good, ending a strike and reconciling an estranged family.

Magazines

— In the *Contemporary Review* for November Mr. Augustine Birrell has a very appreciative notice of Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone;" Miss Millicent Garrett Fawcett gives her "Impressions of South Africa" now, as contrasted with two years ago; D. S. Cairns writes on "Christianity in the Modern World;" and other important topics are well treated. (Leonard Scott Publication Co.: New York.)

— In the *Nineteenth Century and After* for November, the article most likely to attract the notice of readers on this side of the water is the one on "The Deleterious Effect of Americanization upon Woman." The author fears that Great Britain is being "Americanized," by which he means drawn increasingly into the mere worship of money and the exaltation of purely commercial ideals, and he bewails this tendency especially because of the effect upon the female part of society already so largely tinctured by wealthy American wives bought by the nobility. The American woman, the writer thinks, is anarchical, and her influence revolutionary, tending to degeneration. "While the American man unnaturally devotes all his days to money-making, the American woman as unnaturally devotes her days to pleasure." "Overworked men and nervous women tending to sterility, and living upon an artificial plane, do not promise a brave future for a nation." "The defects of American civilization derogate from the virility of man and the fecundity of woman." (Leonard Scott Publication Co.: New York.)

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THE REPUBLICAN, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

— *Photo Era* for November presents among its twenty-one illustrations a large proportion of portraits, including a superb one of Prof. A. Lorenz. Several examples of the superior work of Meredith Janvier are given in connection with an appreciation by Osborne I. Yellott. "The Photographic Society of Philadelphia," "Development for Advanced Amateurs," "Printing on Development Plates," "Gum-Bichromate Printing," are some of the topics treated this month. (Photo Era Publishing Company: 170 Summer St., Boston.)

— The Christmas number of the *Century* presents a large variety of seasonable material, both in text and in pictures, and is particularly rich in color work. There is a large range of high-grade fiction, including the second part of "Four Roads to Paradise," and another installment of the Thackeray Letters. There are several striking holiday contributions, and important articles by Dr. Buckley on "Fanaticism in the United States," and by Franklin Clarkin on "The Daily Walk of the Walking Delegate." The editor writes well on "The Growth of Religious Tolerance." An exceptionally strong number. (Century Company: New York.)

— *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* prints now an edition of 258 000 copies. The editor, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, writes very healthfully on "Promoters and Morals," calling attention to the beneficial change which one year has wrought in bringing back, somewhat at least, our old ideal of American manhood by substituting common honesty for the fetich of success at any price which we had come dangerously near to installing as the national idol. And he puts in a strong article on "The Degradation of Wall St.," to emphasize the protest against the worship of money and the adoration of mere bigness which has had such scope in the last few years. (Frank Leslie Publishing House: New York.)

— *Everybody's Magazine* continues to shoot ahead in circulation, and its publishers are happy as well as hard at work. They are making good numbers, too. In the December issue they have: "When Slav Meets Jap," "The World's Babies," "A Painter of Bible Scenes," "Concord the Historic," a story by Booth Tarkington, and many other good things. (Ridgway-Thayer Company: Union Square, New York.)

Ayer's *Cherry Pectoral.* Ask your doctor if he uses it for hard coughs. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Reopening of People's Church, Bradford, Mass.

In the spring of 1882, while Rev. F. K. Stratton, D. D., was pastor of Grace Church, Haverhill, a class was formed in Bradford under the leadership of the pastor, who later appointed Mr. J. H. Chard as leader. This proved to be the beginnings of People's Methodist Episcopal Church, which was organized Feb. 7, 1890, by Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D., then presiding elder of Lynn District, who appointed as pastor Rev. R. E. Bisbee. April 20, 1891, Rev. C. H. Stackpole was appointed pastor by the New England Conference, and Jan. 1, 1892, the new church building was opened. The pastors who have served the church since that time are: Revs. F. M. Estes, E. V. Hinchliffe, Edward W. Thompson, and E. C. Bridgham, now on his third year in the charge.

In the early part of this Conference year the pastor was met one day on the street by a good sister who, during the few months' stay of the previous winter in the city, had made herself acquainted with the needs of the society. She said she desired to help the church lift some of its burden, and in a few days brought to the parsonage $100 to be used for this purpose, provided the people would undertake to do what they could. Plans were at once made to secure the balance of $600 due on the organ, but the Lord had been preparing the way, for when the pastor, a few weeks later, met the brother holding the note, he said he was glad to lay as a thank-offering upon God's altar the balance due. In the church the following Sabbath morning the treasurer of the trustees was presented with the canceled note, after which the doxology was sung. The congregation in the next few moments raised $100 to pay the interest then due on the mortgage. The pastor then told of the gift of $100 just made toward lessening their indebtedness, and an official board meeting was appointed for the next evening to consider the matter. The people decided to raise $1,000 on the mortgage, and also to make some repairs on the property which seemed necessary.

During October and November the repairs have been made. The roof of the church has been put in perfect condition, and new steps and platforms have been built. The vestibule has been frescoed in shades of light green and cream, the lecture-room, kitchen and toilet in shades of light brown and cream, and the auditorium in shades of terra-cotta. The woodwork of the entire building has been newly varnished. The floors of the audience-room and vestibule have been stained and varnished, and new carpeting in green has been laid in the aisles, on the platform, and in choir gallery. New green curtains have taken the place of the old ones in front of the choir. The church has the fresh appearance of a new edifice within, and with the more elaborate decorations looks better than when first built.

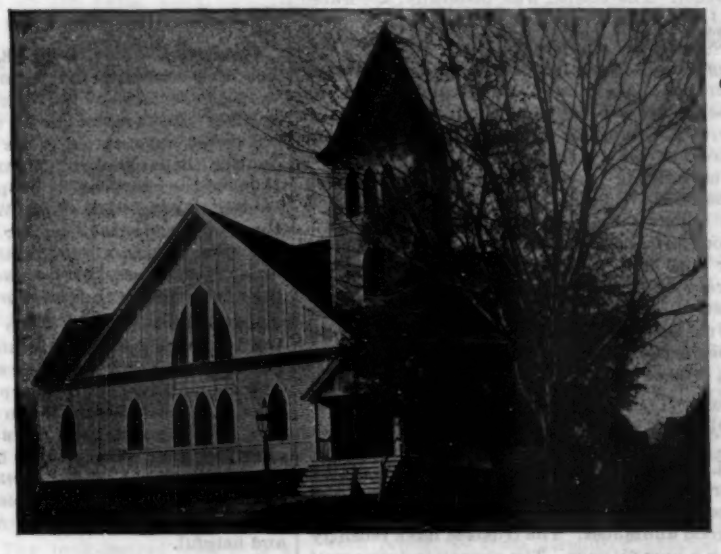
On Nov. 22 and 23 the reopening services were held. On Sabbath morning Bishop Mallalieu was expected to preach, but owing to ill health could not be present, and Rev. F. K. Stratton, D. D., of Wakefield, who formed the first class, preached the sermon from the text 1 Cor. 6: 19 and 20. The sermon was inspiring and full of deep spiritual thought, and was especially enjoyed by the friends of former years. At the close of the discourse the new and faithful presiding elder, Rev. Joel M. Leonard, D. D., made a financial statement as follows: Mortgage indebtedness, $3,900; repairs and floating bills, $800; total indebtedness, $4,700. He said it was proposed to lay on God's altar a thank-offering of $1,800 to remove the floating indebtedness and to reduce the mortgage $1,000. By heroic sacrifices on the part of the membership and the aid of friends, $1,535 was pledged. The people then sang the doxology and went home to return at 2.45 to a mass-meeting of Haverhill Methodism, when Dr. Leonard preached a thoughtful and forceful sermon on the "Growth of the Christian Church," from Mark 4: 28. At the close of the sermon the elder again took up the task of the morning, and under his wise and careful generalship the balance of the $1,800 was secured. Too much cannot be said in praise of the manner in which Dr. Leonard handled this matter. His visit to this people at this time has been indeed a godsend.

In the evening Rev. L. T. Townsend, D. D., of Brookline, was the speaker, taking his text from Esther 4: 16. In a very unique and convincing way he showed the great lack of wisdom in the people who, because of their doubts, run the hazardous risk of not seeking and serving the Lord.

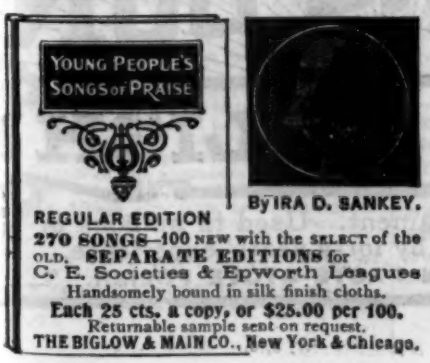
On Monday evening from 5.30 to 6.30 a reception to former pastors was held, when some of them were able to be present, and communications from others were read. A banquet with a very large company present was held from 6.30 to 8. Following this were speeches by former pastors and music.

The anxiety which has been upon the church through the fall months has given place to great joy over the results achieved, and the good sister's "one pound" has not only gained "ten pounds," but twenty-and-four pounds, which includes the $600 on the organ.

Too much credit cannot be given to the pastor, Rev. E. C. Bridgham, for this signal success. He had the great faith and courage to undertake, with his loyal church of only 75 resident members, what seemed to be the impossible. More than this, by his own manual labor he saved the church during the repairs at least one hundred dollars. He also from his meagre salary gave most liberally. An interesting fact in this connection is that Mr. Bridgham is a son-in-law of Dr. Stratton, who organized the class that resulted in the formation of People's Church. The editor regrets that he cannot persuade this faithful minister to furnish his photograph for use in connection with the report of the reopening.



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT BRADFORD, MASS.



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THE CONFERENCES

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Dover District

Smithtown. — Our church building, being in the Y formed by three electric lines, is in the busiest centre of the village. The pastor, Rev. A. M. Shattuck, is doing his best to interest the people, and is ably seconded by his wife, who has considerable tact in laying out work for young people. The Junior League recently entertained the Junior League from Salisbury, and made their guests happy by the cordiality of the reception.

Sanbornville and *Brookfield.* — Every department of this double charge is in a state of healthy growth. Rev. R. H. Huse has the faculty of getting along with everybody. The Sunday-school at Sanbornville, under the able management of Wm. M. Sanborn, is gratified that out of 41 full members of the church and probationers 31 attend as officers, teachers, or pupils. The same proportion of church members attending our Bible schools over the district would make a large increase in Sunday-school statistics next spring. May the new reflecting lamp that some kind friend has put on the outside of the church to guide from outer darkness to inner light, continue to be a symbol of the Gospel preached in the Sanbornville pulpit!

East Rochester still goes on making improvements. An addition has been put at the back of the church, which will be used for storing fuel and for a kitchen with modern equipments. The Ladies' Aid Society shoulders the financial responsibility. The Sunday-school, of which Mr. Sydney Hayes is superintendent, shows considerable interest, several having recently started in the Christian way. The evangelistic services planned by Rev. A. B. Rowell were profitable to the church and to the community.

Rochester has had a house-warming in the shape of a new steam plant in the parsonage. Rev. L. R. Danforth and his family can now keep as warm as they please. The people expect that it return the preacher will keep the pulpit glowing with gospel fire. Evidently they are not disappointed, for the third quarterly conference was responsive with appreciation for the pastor's work. Mr. Lucius Sibley has been chosen president of the Epworth League in place of Mr. Edwin B. Young, who has resigned in order to attend school. We wish Mr. Young prosperity in his preparation for wider usefulness.

East Wolfboro. — We have no pastor in this place at present, as the Baptist people are supplying the pulpit this season. The elder, however, holds his regular quarterly conferences and preaches. He was recently the guest of Mr. James Cotton, brother of the late Rev. Dana Cotton. Mr. Cotton is an old fox-trapper and an expert in all that pertains to life in the fields or woods. He took the elder out on one of his trapping circuits, and gave him many valuable points about out-of-door phenomena. At the morning service in the church we missed Mrs. Lizzie Lang, for a long time the organist, who was unable to be present on account of lameness, which has troubled her considerably of late. Mrs. Lang is also the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and the district steward of the quarterly conference.

North Wakefield is supplied by Rev. Chester Jenney, who comes from the School of Theology, Boston University, once in two weeks. Mr. Jenney's earnest manner and warm heart make friends for him everywhere. An accident that happened to him on Boston Common a few weeks ago laid him up for several days. Knowing that he had been on the 'varsity team of Princeton, the football team of the School of Liberal Arts invited him to coach them. When illustrating a certain play, one of the players ran into him, and as Mr. Jenney fell, a stiff-covered note-book that he had in his pocket stuck into his side and cracked a rib. With the usual nonchalance of old players, he charged the accident up to "luck," absented himself from his pulpit for one Sunday, and is now doing full work as usual. During the absence of the pastor at school, the brethren and sisters keep up the social meetings, Mr. Luther M. Sanborn manages the finances, and Mr. Edward G. Tarbox cares for the Sunday-school.

Personal. — Rev. L. N. Fogg, of West Hampstead, who was ill for several weeks, is now receiving congratulations from his friends on his recovery. Rev. W. A. Littlefield, of Exeter, assisted Mr. Fogg by preaching for him several times, and his kindness was much appreciated. We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Fogg has also been very sick for about two months, but at the date of writing is able to sit up a little. We are praying that the Lord may bless the means used for her complete recovery. J. M. D.

Concord District

Concord, Baker Memorial. — On the first Sunday of November, 4 young men united with the church — 3 from probation, and 1, Mr. Israel, secretary of the local Y. M. C. A., by certificate. The third quarterly conference, held Oct. 26, unanimously requested that the pastor, Rev. E. C. Strout, be returned for the fourth year. On a recent evening the ladies of the W. H. M. S. gave a supper in the chapel, when the young ladies of the Queen Esther Circle furnished for entertainment the missionary program, "Queens and a Kingdom." A delightful social evening was enjoyed, the two societies realized about $35, and the entertainment proved both pleasing and instructive. Merrill Chapter of the Epworth League entertained the Leagues from Penacook and First Church, Concord, Thursday evening, Nov. 19. The pastors and young people of these Concord churches thoroughly enjoyed a social evening together. The chapel was tastefully decorated in League colors, and refreshments were served.

Jefferson. — Here is a large field, embracing several appointments. Congregations at all these places are reported good, and the pastor, Rev. C. E. Clough, is greatly encouraged by the interest of an appreciative people. Just now he is holding revival meetings in Riverton schoolhouse. There is a good attendance, and several have already sought the Lord. Through the efforts of the ladies of this society over $150 has been raised for repairing the church, and work has been started. In the midst of all these good things this people mourn the loss by death of one of their most consecrated members, Mrs. Martha E. Crawford, wife of W. H. Crawford.

Concord, First Church. — At the last communion service 8 were received on probation, 1 into full membership, and 2 were baptized. The pastor, Rev. James Cairns, is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures on the "second coming of Christ," which are attracting good audiences. The trustees have recently put in a new furnace. The church is doing well financially and moving steadily forward along all lines of work.

Penacook. — Here a new and very attractive church building is nearing completion. The dedication is fixed for Dec. 17, and plans are being made to follow this event with revival services. Steady progress is reported in obtaining funds and pledges to cover the expense of the building enterprise. The pastor, Rev. A. L. Smith, reports that all through this extra work all services of the church have been well sustained, and that recently 8 persons have been received into full membership and 6 baptized.

Preachers' Meeting. — Rev. William Warren and his people at Tilton entertained the Preachers' Meeting, Nov. 2 and 3. They would make delightful hosts for the coming Annual Conference. We make special mention of three numbers on the program at this gathering, which were given by brethren outside our district membership. Mr. A. T. Cass, of Tilton, member of the Book Committee, gave a very helpful address on "The Unification of Our Publishing Interests." A timely and very carefully-prepared paper by Principal G. L. Plimpton, of Tilton Seminary, on "Religious Education," was asked for publication. Dean Buell, of Boston University School of Theology, delighted and instructed all hearers with his lecture, "A New Testament Gem." The whole program was of unusual interest, and included such timely subjects as: "The Unification of Our Benevolences," "Temptations of the Christian Ministry," "What shall We Do with the Amusement Clause?" "Revivals," "Our Work: Its Privileges, Perils, Possibilities," "Fashions in Theology," and "A Time-Limit for the Episcopacy." Dr. D. C. Knowles presented an interesting critique of Prof. Bowne's recent articles in ZION'S HERALD. Sermons were preached by Rev. James Cairns, of Concord, Rev. C. L. Corliss, of Bristol, and Rev. J. E. Sweet, of Ashland. The other brethren having part in the program were Revs. Messrs. Wolcott, Bartlett, Thompson, Jones, Strout, Hills, Locke, Smith, Dorion, Allen, Magwood, Linfield, Burns and Drury. Rev. G. M. Curl, presiding elder of the district, who seems to be fully recovering his health, presided. A very pleasant feature of the gathering was the entertainment of the preachers at lunch in the Seminary by Principal Plimpton.

COOKE.

Manchester District

Claremont. — Rev. Dr. L. B. Bates, of Boston, has been assisting the pastor, Rev. C. C. Garland, in special services. The church has had a spiritual uplift, and a goodly number of the unconverted have started in the way of life. Miss Jennie Shepardson, of North Easton, Mass., touched the hearts of the people as she gave the Gospel in song. Rev. J. M. Watham, pastor of the Congregational Church, and Rev. V. V. Johnson, pastor of the Baptist Church, manifested their interest in these services by attending and by preaching the Word.

Manchester, Trinity. — The reports at the third quarterly conference showed current expenses, pastor and presiding elder paid to date. The debt on the church carpet has been canceled. Recently 5 were taken into the church. The benevolent collections show an increase over last year. The Junior League, under the leadership of the pastor's wife, sent 25 baskets of fruit and dainties to the sick and shut-ins at Thanksgiving. The Ladies' Aid is aggressive and helpful.

Manchester, First Church. — The ladies of this church have just bought and paid for a new carpet for the auditorium of the church. They have raised thus far this year $266.

Nashua, Main St. — A good spiritual interest is being manifested. The Epworth League is taking on new life. A new carpet has been put into the church and repairs made in the vestry. E. H.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Brockton and Vicinity

Brockton, Central Church. — The vesper services, held the first Sunday evening of each month, attract large congregations. The choir ably sustain the pastor; they sing the Gospel, he preaches it. The subject for November was "Creation." Recently, 5 were received in full membership and 3 baptized.

Brockton, Franklin. — A very successful series of evangelistic services has just closed.

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The pastor, Rev. A. W. C. Anderson, was assisted by Colonel Cozens, formerly of the Salvation Army, and the singing evangelist, Mr. Noble. There have been accessions to the church. One of those baptized was 71 years of age.

Brockton, Pearl St. — The new pastor, Rev. G. E. Mossman, is an able preacher. The work of the church is prospering. Pearl Street has always been most fortunate in securing student supplies of exceptional ability. Mr. Mossman spoke before the Harrison Lodge, I. O. O. F., recently.

South Braintree. — Rev. A. E. Legg is pastor. At the last communion, 4 were received from probation and 1 by letter.

North Easton. — The audience-room of the church has been renovated and handsomely frescoed. It was reopened with appropriate services, Nov. 8. Rev. P. M. Vinton is the happy pastor. Miss Jennie Shepardson, the singing evangelist, who has been assisting Dr. L. B. Bates, is a member of this church.

East Bridgewater. — The new church is well under way, "closed in." It is sincerely hoped that the generosity of friends and the earnest efforts of the committee will make it possible to dedicate with no appeal for money. Rev. C. H. Ewer is renewing his youth under the invigorating tonic of all the extra work imposed upon him.

Stoughton. — The work goes steadily on in this staid New England town. A Bible study class has been organized under the direction of Rev. Jerome Greer, the pastor, and bids fair to produce excellent results.

Whitman. — Special meetings are in progress. Rev. H. W. Brown is his own evangelist, with the assistance of his near-by brethren. The church has suffered severely during the last few years by the removal to other fields of those who were heavy financial supporters as well as valuable workers. An encouraging outlook is promised by one of the large shoe manufactories, which doubles its capacity.

East Weymouth. — A revival of interest in the Sunday evening service has been created. Rev. W. H. Butler's subjects for October were: "A Sunday in Mid-Ocean," "Moses and Marconi," "The Old Religion and the New Science," "What Dante Saw in Hell," "The Dream of a Socialist Republic: Can it be True?" These are printed on a neat folder.

Bryantville. — The long-desired vestry is at last a fact. The church has been raised ten feet, and an addition built on front, affording a sizable entrance hall with stairways on either side to the auditorium above. The vestry is commodious, with kitchen and closets in the rear. The present building was dedicated in June, 1826. In 1872 it was remodeled (adding a bell tower and clock) and rededicated. In July, 1888, it was reopened, after thorough renovation, with appropriate services, and again in 1899, after reseating and other improvements. Rev. L. B. Bates was the speaker on all but one of these occasions. It seemed only fitting, therefore, that he should be selected to preach at the dedication of the new vestry, Wednesday evening, Nov. 18. Presiding Elder Ward and a former pastor took part in the exercises. Rev. Ralph S. Cushman, present pastor, gave a brief history of the work. The cost of the improvements was $1,800. About $1,400 had been raised. Over $100 more was pledged at the close of the sermon by Dr. Bates. After the services in the auditorium the congregation adjourned to the vestry. Mr. Hermon Beal, in behalf of the trustees, presented the vestry for dedication. Presiding Elder Ward responded and dedicated the room.

Laymen's Night. — Following the plan of last year, Rev. A. J. Coultas, presiding elder of Providence District, planned a second laymen's meeting to be held in Brockton. Nearly two hundred, representing the official members and their wives (of Brockton and vicinity), assembled in the elegant social parlors of the Central Church, Nov. 18. After a sumptuous oyster supper served by the ladies of the church, Dr. Coultas introduced as the speaker of the evening Hon. Robert F. Raymond, of New Bedford, who spoke on "Some Current Problems of Methodism," which were: "The time limit," "paragraph 248," and "reaching men." After the address the subject was discussed by Rev. A. E. Legg, of South Braintree, Rev. J. S. Thomas, of Stoughton, Rev. P. M. Vinton, of North Easton, Mr. Walter M. Dunbar, of Pearl St., Mr. Geo. E. Fisher, a local preacher of East Bridgewater, and Rev. C. H. Ewer, pastor at East Bridgewater. Opinions differed as to what would be marks of wisdom in some things. Several of the pastors in the vicinity were prevented from attending because of revival meetings which were in progress in their churches.

Exhortation. — Brethren, do you realize the great good that would come to individuals, and hence to the church, if the church paper came to the home of every official member? You have often noticed the added interest manifested on the part of some promising young layman after he has subscribed for ZION'S HERALD. Let us not be outgeneraled by those who follow the wisdom of this world. The time for offering special inducements is short.

L. S.

W. H. M. S. — The 20th annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the New England Southern Conference was held at Trinity Church, Norwich, Conn., Nov. 18 and 19. Dr. Coote welcomed the Society, and encouraging reports were read by the Conference officers. The president, Mrs. T. J. Everett, gave an interesting account of the National Convention at Chattanooga. A letter concerning Mallalieu Seminary from Mrs. Hamlen was read, and Mrs. S. K. Luce and Mrs. C. M. Melden each delivered an address on the Southern work. Mrs. H. I. Benson spoke on "Deaconess Work Abroad and At Home." Musical selections were rendered by Mrs. Hasselden, Mrs. Merrill, and the church choirs. The gift of $200 for Rust Hall from a friend in Hazardville was announced, also one of $500 for the Southern work from Mr. Philip Reynolds, of Brockton. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. T. J. Everett; vice-president, Mrs. S. K. Luce; corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. W. Rogers; treasurer, Mrs. J. T. Cooper; recording secretary, Mrs. J. A. Tirrell; secretary of supplies, Mrs. W. R. Sherman; secretary of mite-boxes, Miss Emma L. Manchester; secretary of young people's work, Mrs. Jameson; secretary of literature, Miss G. Everett. The Society accepted an invitation to meet next year with the auxiliary at County St., New Bedford.

JULIA A. TIRRELL, Rec. Sec.

WE ARE READY

To send a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine to any reader of ZION'S HERALD who will write for it, free and prepaid.

One small dose of this remarkable remedy, once a day, quickly and perfectly cures indigestion and catarrh of the stomach, cures constipation so that in less than a week you have no more trouble, clears the liver and kidneys of congestion, so those vital organs be healthy and active.

Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine takes all inflammation and catarrh from the bladder and all pain and trouble from prostate gland.

Address Vernal Remedy Co., 52 Seneca Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAR MADAM: Please Read My Free Offer

Words of Wisdom to Sufferers from a Lady of Notre Dame, Indiana.

I send free of charge to every sufferer this great Woman Remedy, with full instructions, description of my past sufferings and how I permanently cured myself.

You Can Cure Yourself at Home Without the Aid of a Physician.

It costs nothing to try this remedy once, and if you desire to continue its use, it will cost you only **twelve cents a week.** It does not interfere with your work or occupation. **I have nothing to sell.** Tell other sufferers of it; that is all I ask. It cures everybody, young or old.

If you feel bearing down pains as from approaching danger, pain in the back and bowels, creeping feeling in the spine, a desire to cry, hot flashes and faintness, or if you are suffering from any so-called female complaint, then write to **Mrs. M. Summers,** Notre Dame, Ind., for her **free treatment** and full instructions. Like myself thousands have been cured by it. I send it in a plain envelope.

Mothers and Daughters will learn of a simple family remedy, which quickly and thoroughly cures female complaints of every nature. It saves **worry** and **expense** and the **unpleasantness** of having to reveal your condition to others. Vigor, health and happiness result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well-known ladies in your neigaborhood, who **know** and will testify that this family remedy cures all troubles peculiar to their sex, strengthens the whole system and makes **healthy** and **strong women.** Write to-day, as this offer may not be made again.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 193, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Rockland District

Bremen Circuit. — The quarterly conference at Dutch Neck was uneventful other than to show that the people on this part of the charge are alive to the interests of their little church and the betterment of their community. The sections of the work are so separated that it is not practicable to get representatives from all parts to any quarterly conference. Rev. J. N. Atwood is faithfully active in trying to cover too much territory, but it seems impossible to divide the circuit or to concentrate the work.

Round Pond. — We found Rev. E. S. Gahan busy in the midst of much-needed repairs. The church at Round Pond demonstrates the folly of neglecting small and inexpensive repairs until forced to undertake a large thing or lose a property. But a few faithful ones have faced a problem that may well cause discouragement, most heroically, and Round Pond will add one more to the number of churches "in good condition" on Rockland District. The Ladies' Circle is no small contributing element to the success of the undertaking. The congregations continue to be encouraging. The Epworth League, with Mrs. Gahan as president, is moving forward.

Pemaquid and *New Harbor.* — Rev. A. J. Lockhart keeps on the even tenor of his way. A quiet prosperity seems to prevail throughout the charge. But the pastor and his wife need lieutenants that the work may prosper more vigorously. A good class leader and a live class-meeting would help. The presidency of the Epworth League ought not to devolve upon the pastor. While the various services are interesting and profitable, if the pastor could be relieved of some of the leaderships under his direction the *life* of the work would increase.

South Thomaston and *Spruce Head.* — The church work is crippled by a new baby in the parsonage. This remark does not reflect upon any one adversely. The babe is a fine little fellow and promises well for the episcopacy. Few pastors' wives are more missed from church activities than Mrs. Baker. This charge, like others, requires all of a pastor's time and strength. Rev. W. C. Baker keeps busy. The Ladies' Aid Society makes itself indispensable.

Rockland. — Death has been at work among the older and efficient members of the church. E. E. Chandler, Sister Lucy A. Robinson and Sister Louise Fox have been called to the church triumphant. Capt. Alonzo Snow, a member and trustee of long and strong standing, passed suddenly from labor to reward a short time ago. In his love for his church he left $1,000 as a perpetual fund for the running expenses. F. S. Mills, for many years a member, and superintendent of the Sunday-school, has gone to California, whither he will move his family shortly. Rev. L. L. Hanscom is one of the busiest of men in meeting the many demands of his work.

Church life is good and the outlook is encouraging.

Georgetown and Arrowsic. — No pastor, so a supply by the pastor of the Free-will Baptist church from another part of the island, at Biggsville, while Arrowsic does the best it can. We hope we may yet succeed in finding a man that will take this work. T. F. J.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Portland District

Berwick. — Rev. F. R. Griffiths, the pastor, has been a very sick man, and has been under the surgeon's knife, but we are glad to report that he is improving. Several were converted just before his sickness, and among the converts were two young men. Fortunately for pastor and people, Rev. Francis Grovenor, of Augusta, a former pastor, so highly honored by the whole community, was visiting his friends in his old parish, and kindly consented to supply the pulpit, which he has done for five weeks, much to the delight of all. We trust the pastor will soon be able to take up the work again in the near future. B. C. W.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Boston Preachers' Meeting. — Rev. A. L. Squier preached a most excellent sermon upon "The Temper and Need of the Times." Next Monday, Dec. 7, there will be a discussion of the Uniform International Lesson System by Revs. Geo. R. Grose and Geo. H. Clarke.

Forest Hills, Upham Memorial. — Last Sabbath being the tenth anniversary of the Upham Memorial Church, Forest Hills, arrangements had been made for services appropriate to the occasion. In the morning and afternoon the congregation had the privilege and pleasure of listening with rapt attention to two powerful sermons by Prof. S. F. Upham, of Drew. At the close of the morning service the treasurer presented a statement relative to the building fund, and expressed a desire on the part of the trustees that an attempt be there and then made to raise a sum which would enable them, with the balance on hand, to reduce the debt on the church $1,000. Whereupon a canvass was made, and as a most gratifying feature a sum in excess of what was asked was cheerfully pledged in a few minutes and without the characteristic pressing solicitations in such instances. In the evening the proceedings took the form of a service in memory of Rev. Frederick Norman Upham, the founder of the church, when Dr. J. H. Mansfield reviewed the history of the society from its organization, and Rev. George S. Butters paid a glowing tribute to the noble character of Mr. Upham. The pastor, Rev. W. H. Powell, presided at all the services, which were of the most gladdening and inspiring character. A social meeting was held on Monday evening.

Whitinsville. — Our correspondent, in his account of the opening of the new parsonage at this place, which appeared in our issue of Nov. 18, inadvertently omitted the name of Rev. W. M. Cassidy, of North Andover, who had prominent part in the program, and who, while pastor at Whitinsville for three years previous to last spring, raised the money for this now completed and comfortable pastor's home.

Millbury. — A banner church fair, netting nearly $200, was held, Nov. 11 and 12, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society and the Epworth League. This puts this church in a splendid financial condition. One pleasing feature of the fair was a voting contest to decide to which hospital in Massachusetts a large and handsome doll should be given. The children's ward of the Deaconess Hospital of Boston won, and the votes, at five cents each, netted over $21. A *Ladies' Home Journal* booth was secured, which was most attractive and a source of profit. The church is now centering thought and effort on the coming of Messrs. Johns and Kerr, evangelists of Detroit, who are to labor here in February. The weekly prayer-meetings are on the gain, and a good spirit prevails. Rev. Walter Healy is pastor.

Cambridge District

Waltham, Asbury Temple. — Simultaneous meetings have been held in all the churches for two weeks. At Asbury Temple the spiritual life of the church has been quickened, and there have been several conversions. A deep religious seriousness pervades, especially in the Sunday-school. The session on Sunday, Nov. 22, was turned into a prayer-meeting and enlistment service, and there was a very encouraging response. Another valuable feature of the work has been the development of indigenous resources. The pastor, Rev. L. W. Staples, has called the laymen into active participation. Instead of preaching himself, or having ministers from abroad, the men and women and young people of the church have been called into service. They have responded nobly, and are the better and stronger for having done so.

Lynn District

Melrose. — The Memorial Bell for the new church arrived last week and will be hung as soon as work has progressed farther on the tower. The bell weighs 1,850 pounds and was cast by the Meneely foundry from the very best Lake Superior copper and imported tin. Seventy-seven per cent. copper and twenty-three per cent. tin are the proportions of the composition from which the bell was cast. The Meneely bells are famous everywhere for their tone qualities, and this bell is said to be particularly pleasing in tone. As is well known, it is a gift to the church from George Emerson as a memorial of his father, Isaac Emerson. The bell bears the following inscription:

GIFT TO THE
FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
OF MELROSE, MASS.,
BY
GEORGE EMERSON,
IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER
ISAAC EMERSON,
WHO GAVE THE LAND WHERE THIS CHURCH
NOW STANDS.

Special Request

MINISTERS and all readers will confer a special favor and become the appreciated servants of this paper, if they will furnish the publisher, at once, by postcard, names and addresses of persons not subscribers who might become interested in the HERALD. The publisher will be glad to forward a sample copy and facts about the HERALD to any addresses sent to

Seasonable Novelties
China and Glass

New designs of **Welsh Rarebit Plates** (8 inch), six subjects, French Faience ($4.50 per dozen).

Jardinieres, with or without Pedestals, also Umbrella and Cane Holders from same potteries.

Bedroom Toilet Sets, all values, also sets for children with dainty kitten and bud designs.

Breakfast Bacon Dishes, covered, with hot water compartment (and with plates to match) for keeping the breakfast hot.

Roast Beef Sets, platter and 12 plates, all values, from the low cost to the expensive.

Pudding Sets, new shapes and decorations, all values.

Camembert Cheese Dishes.

Macaroni Dishes and Stands.

China Ramikens, wide variety.

China Cracked Ice Bowls, with saucer.

Dainty China Hot Milk Pitchers.

China Marmalade Jars, choice specimens.

China English Toast Racks.

China Bedroom Water Sets, with Boudoir Trinket Sets to match.

After-Dinner Coffee Sets, on Trays.

Rich China Turkish After-Dinner Coffees.

Dresden China Openwork Fruit Baskets.

China Broth Sets for Invalids, dainty decorations.

Individual Breakfast Sets for the Bedroom, Minton and French China.

China Mayonnaise Bowls.

Chocolate Pots and Chocolate Sets.

Oyster Plates, Soup Plates, Fish Plates, Entree Sets and Plates, Dinner Plates, Game Plates, Salad Plates.

Fruit Plates, Ice Cream Plates.

Finger-Bowl Plates, all values from the ordinary to the costly "heirloom" specimens.

New designs of **dessert** plates, having scenes from Coaching Ways and Coaching Days of Old England, 12 subjects, $4.00 per dozen.

Also new designs of the **Wedgwood Historical Plates and Pitchers.**

Half-tone booklet sent free on request, representing the series, 65 subjects.

Superb specimens of China and Faience **bric-a-brac**, Dresden China Figures, Urns and Vases, Paintings on Porcelain in Florentine frames. In the Art Pottery Rooms, third floor.

A novelty just landed from London, the **Anti-Tannic Teapot**, separating the tea leaves, preserving the best flavor, with no tannic acid, from $1.25 to $2.00 each.

Dinner Sets of every value in the **Dinner Set** Department (third floor).

Everything in Table Glassware, from the ordinary pressed to the expensive etched and rich cut specimens. Unexcelled exhibit to choose from. All prices in plain figures and we are not undersold if we know it.

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N. B. Selections made now will be shipped on dates required.

him. Will all friends of the HERALD please heed this request?

The Christmas Star

Have you seen the Christmas Star provided by the Missionary Society, and have you secured it for your own family circle? Christmas is in the air. The shops and stores are gay with Christmas decorations and full of eager customers. Purchase a gift for your friend? Of course you will; but do not forget to make a gift to Him who gave His precious life for you. The Wise Men brought gifts to the infant Christ Child. We can bring gifts that will hasten the day when all the world shall join in the glad chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." When you have purchased gifts for your human friends, then put at least one-fifth as much into the star as a gift to the One who is the great Giver of all your Christmas joys. Would not the Lord and Master of us all be most pleased with a gift which means the wider proclamation of His Gospel?

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CHURCH REGISTER

W. F. M. S.—The regular meeting of the Executive Board will occur, Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 10 a. m., in the Committee Room, 36 Bromfield St.

MARY L. MANN, Rec. Sec.

W. H. M. S.—The regular monthly meeting of the Executive Board will be held in Bromfield St. Church, Monday, Dec. 7, at 2 p. m.

MRS. M. C. STANWOOD, Rec. Sec.

W. F. M. S.—Dover District W. F. M. S. will hold its annual meeting in Grace Church, Haverhill, Mass., Tuesday, Dec. 8. Sessions at 10.15 and 2. An address, "A Plea for the Army," will be given by Miss Clara M. Cushman. Lunch served for ten cents.

MRS. H. B. L. PERKINS, Rec. Sec.

GROUP MISSIONARY MEETING.—The Missionary Group meeting of the following churches, West Roxbury, Egleston Square, Highlandville, Roslindale, Upham Memorial, St. Andrew's and First Church, Jamaica Plain, will be held in First Church, Jamaica Plain, Wednesday evening, Dec. 9, at 7.45. The speakers are Dr. E. M. Taylor and Dr. James Mudge. A large attendance from all the churches of the group is expected.

W. H. POWELL.

THIS TESTIMONY

Will surely interest many readers of ZION'S HERALD.

James G. Gray, Gibson, Mo., writes about Drake's Palmetto Wine as follows: "I live in the Missouri swamps in Dunklin County, and have been sick with Malarial fever, and for fifteen months a walking skeleton. One bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine has done me more good than all the medicine I have taken in that fifteen months. I am buying two more bottles to stay cured. Drake's Palmetto Wine is the best medicine and tonic for Malarial, Kidney and Liver ailments I ever used or heard of. I feel well now after using one bottle."

A. A. Felding, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "I had a bad case of sour Stomach and Indigestion. I could eat so little that I was 'falling to bones, and could not sleep nor attend to my business. I used the trial bottle and two large seventy-five cent bottles, and can truthfully say I am entirely cured. I have advised many to write for a free trial bottle."

J. W. Moore, Monticello, Mo., makes the following statement about himself and a neighbor. He says: "Four bottles of Drake's Palmetto Wine have cured me of Catarrh of Bladder and Kidney trouble. I suffered ten years and spent hundreds of dollars with best doctors and specialists without benefit. Drake's Palmetto Wine has made me a well man. A young woman here was given up to die by a Minneapolis specialist, and he and our local doctors said they could do no more for her. She has been taking Drake's Palmetto Wine one week, and is rapidly recovering."

The Drake Formula Co., Drake Bldg., Chicago, Ill., will send a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine, free and prepaid, to any reader of ZION'S HERALD. A letter or postal card is the only expense to get this free bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine.

BY ITSELF

We sell a bureau just as we sell a writing desk or bookcase — by itself, and not as a part of a set unless so desired.

Under this method of treatment it follows naturally that we have a very wide assortment of styles; by actual count we have now over 280 patterns of Bureaus which are sold separately. The engraving represents one of these chosen at random.

This pattern comes in four different woods: maple, birch, oak and mahogany. It is an excellent design for use with a brass bedstead.

We price Bureaus very low.

Paine Furniture Co.

Rugs, Draperies, and Furniture

48 CANAL ST., BOSTON

Marriages

BOWMAN — ROUNDY — In Clinton, Me., by Rev. A. E. Luce, Winthrop H. M. Bowman, of Somerville, Mass., and Ella May Roundy, of Benton, Me.

KENT — BROWN — In Clinton, Me., Nov. 25, by Rev. A. E. Luce, Archibald N. Kent and Nettie E. Brown, both of Benton.

OLSEN — TEWKSBURY — In Winthrop, Mass., Nov. 12, by Rev. Albert Leonard Squier, John A. Olsen and Marian Tewksbury.

LEIGH — ARNOLD — At People's Temple Parsonage, Boston, Nov. 28, by Rev. Chas. A. Crane, William Leigh and Grace E. Arnold.

JOHNSON — GRAY — In Saco, Me., at the home of the bride's parents, Nov. 25, by Rev. D. F. Faulkner, Percival Johnson and Edith M. Gray, both of Saco.

CRAY — JODREY — In Gorham, N. H., Nov. 18, at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, by Rev. E. W. Kennison, Wm. A. Cray, of Gorham, and Lettie M. Jodrey, of Malden, Mass.

CALEF — BECKHAM — In Gorham, N. H., at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, by Rev. E. W. Kennison, Josiah R. Calef and Rose Beckham, both of Auburn, Me.

MANSIR — BURNUP — In Randolph, Me., at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, Nov. 24, by Rev. C. W. Lowell, Charles W. Mansir, of Pittston, and Florence M. Burnup, of South Gardiner.

MORRILL — BAILEY — In Pittston, Me., Nov. 25, by Rev. C. W. Lowell, of Randolph, Frank A. Morrill and Mrs. Clara M. Bailey, both of Pittston.

VAN TASSLE — SCOTT — In Randolph, Me., at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, Nov. 5, by Rev. C. W. Lowell, Frank G. Van Tassle, of Randolph, and Mary L. Scott.

All mothers of daughters should write to Mrs M. Summers, Notre Dame, Ind., for a free copy of her "Advice to Mothers." See ad. in this paper.

W. H. M. S.—A meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of Cambridge District will be held at Harvard St. Church, Cambridge, Tuesday, Dec. 8. Sessions at 10.30 and 2. The address of the morning will be given by Mrs. James McWhinnie, with a paper by Mrs. M. A. Stanwood, and a report of the Executive Meeting by Mrs. Floyd. The speaker for the afternoon will be announced later. Lunch served for 15 cents.

Take any car to Harvard Square by way of Massachusetts Ave., Broadway or Prospect St. Leave car near Essex or Prospect Sts.

METHODIST SOCIAL UNION.—Sunday-school night, Monday, Dec. 14. *Note the date.* Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple. Reception, 5 p. m. Dinner, 6 p. m. Speakers, Rev. Thomas B. Neely, D. D., and others. Special music. A special table will be reserved for Sunday-school superintendents, and Sunday-schools are urged to send their superintendents as their guests. All seats reserved. Ticket sale to members opens Monday, Dec. 7, at 9 a. m., at the Tremont Temple ticket-office. General sale opens Thursday, Dec. 10, at same hour and place. Please secure seats early.

C. H. J. KIMBALL, Sec.,
47 Kilby St.

THE OLD FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.—Among the calendars for 1904 is the pottery tile calendar issued by the Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co., made by the old Wedgwood pottery in Staffordshire; the subjects on the reverse side have been of historical interest, beginning in 1881, with the Craigie House, or Longfellow's house. This year it has a view of the United States frigate Constitution in chase. They have also added to their series of historical plates, one having this view, at the back of which is the following data:

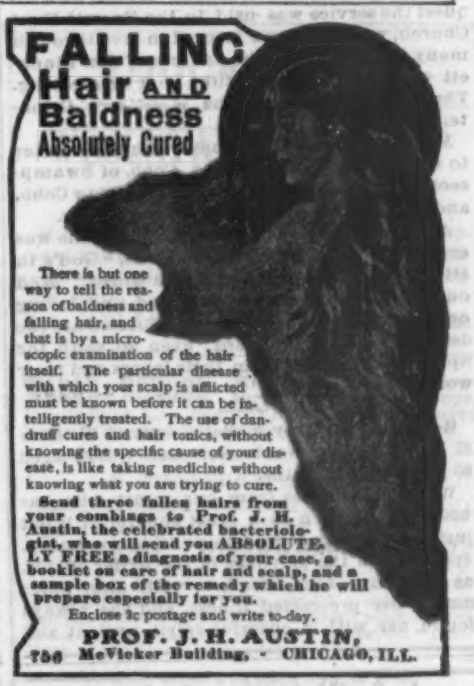
"U. S. FRIGATE 'CONSTITUTION' IN CHASE"

Also Known as Old Ironsides

Launched at Hart's Yard, Ship St., now Constitution Wharf, Boston, Oct. 21, 1797.
Rated 44, but carried 55 guns; 1576 tons measurement. Cost $302,719.00

Noted Events in Her History

Escape from British Fleet after three days' chase off the coast of New England, July 17, 18, and 19, 1812.
Capture of British Frigate "Guerriere," Aug. 19, 1812. Forty minutes' engagement.
Capture of British Frigate "Java" off the coast of Brazil, Dec. 29, 1812.
Captured two English war vessels, the "Cyane" and the "Levant," Feb. 20, 1815.



LEWIS JONES & SON
UNDERTAKERS
50 LaGrange St., Boston
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OBITUARIES

What is the spirit? Nay,
We know not — star in clay.

We know not, yet we trust
The dream within the dust.

We trust not, yet we hark
The song within the dark.

We know not whither beat
Its wings, nor what defeat

Death's mighty muffling glooms
May cast on fluttering plumes,

Or if it be success —
That folded quietness.

When like a flaming scroll
Earth shrivels, if the soul

Should those fierce heats outwear,
What of ourselves were there?

A longing bruised and dim,
A seed of seraphim.

— KATHARINE LEE BATES, in *Century*.

Cobb. — Mehitable Smith Cobb, widow of Elisha W. Cobb, was born in Truro, Mass., March 29, 1829, and died in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Sam T. Emery, Newton Centre, Mass., Sept. 23, 1903.

She accepted Christ as her Saviour and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church when a child, and to this church of her love and to her divine Master she gave her untiring and faithful services to the last. She united with great force of character a winsomeness of heart that won and held about her a multitude of devoted friends. Her fine face revealed a queenly spirit. Her smile was peculiarly radiant and ever a benediction to all whom she met. Her good works and kind words linger as rich music in very many hearts and homes.

Her own home was her chief kingdom. She was married in her twenty-first year. Twenty years her husband was spared to her. The thirty-three years she survived him were given to her children, who were her chief joy and pride. Her deep and constant love for them found a rich response in their hearts, and they did everything possible to add to her comfort and happiness.

Her last hours came not unexpectedly. Her loving words to her children and her clear testimonies to the faithfulness and preciousness of her divine Saviour and Friend made her passing glorious. The funeral services were participated in by her pastor, Rev. R. T. Flewelling, and two of her former pastors, Rev. C. W. Blackett and Rev. J. W. Jones. At her own request the service was held in the Everett First Church, where she had labored in love through many happy years. The address of Mr. Blackett was especially beautiful and comforting. The interment was in the Woodlawn Cemetery.

Mrs. Cobb leaves three sons and one daughter to mourn their loss — Elisha Cobb, of Swampscott; Wilbur Cobb, of Hanover; Winslow Cobb, and Mrs. Sam T. Emery, of Newton Centre.

Always cheerful, hopeful, faithful, her life was ever singing, and still sings to us, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." And out of the sky come to her loved and loving ones words of divine comfort: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." J. W. J.

Bates. — Mrs. Mary A. Bates, wife of William E. Bates, died in Nantucket, Oct. 7, 1903, aged 55 years and 6 months.

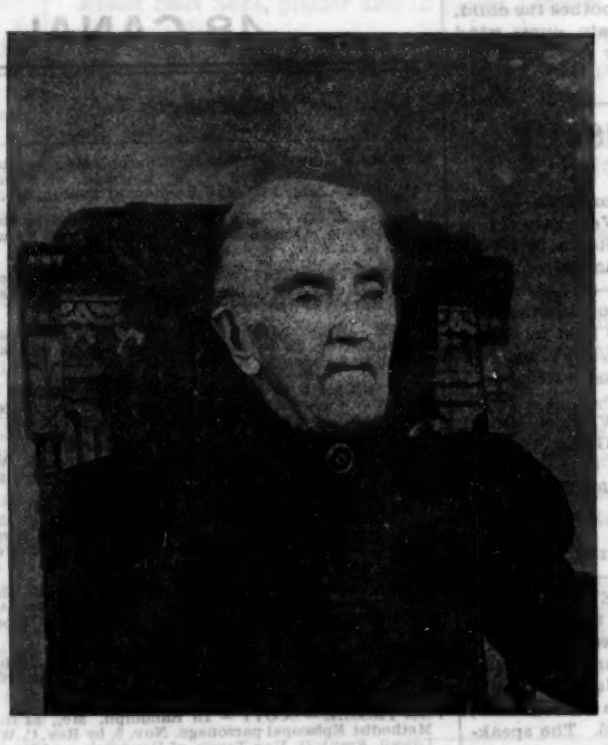
When one passes from our midst who has been well known as a great sufferer, it is but just that we pay some tribute to her memory. It has been the privilege of the writer of this, as a relative and friend, to visit Mrs. Bates during her protracted illness, and she always found her with a cheerful spirit, patient and hopeful. Some two years since, the deceased learned that she was suffering from an incurable disease. It was then the grace of God sustained her, through all her severe suffering. She talked of her journey to the better land and prepared every little detail, as if she were only going to another home.

Mrs. Bates was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but had been in such feeble health for a number of years that she could not attend its services. Her pastor and his wife visited her very often, and her wonderful trust in the Lord was an inspiration to him in his work. The funeral took place Friday, Oct. 9. Her pastor being absent, Rev. Mr. Manning conducted the service. Beautiful flowers decorated the casket in which she lay so peacefully. Her many friends sympathize with the husband, his mother, and two sisters.

M. F. COFFIN.

Allyn. — Rachel Humphrey Allyn, M. D., was born in Charleston, Vt., April 25, 1810, and died in the same town, July 11, 1903, aged 93 years.

Her father, Abner Allyn, came from Rehoboth, Mass., to Vermont, in 1796, in the interests of the original proprietors of the town of Charleston as surveyor of lands, and in 1803, with wife and infant son, settled in this town,



RACHEL H. ALLYN, M. D.
From a photograph taken at ninety

then an uninhabited forest, henceforth to be their home. Into this home seven years later Rachel was born. She was early sent abroad for greater educational advantages, and comparatively few years of her long life were spent in her native town. However, in her declining years, having never married, she sought the homes of her nephews and nieces here. About two years before her death, in the home of her niece, Mrs. Rosetta H. Gray, where her last years were spent, she — already nearly blind and very deaf — was stricken with paralysis, rendering her helpless for the remainder of her life. About a year later, a cancer developed on the back of her head, making her a great sufferer. From the town where her parents settled in 1803, she, the last surviving member of the family, passed to the family reunion in the eternal home in 1903 — just a century later.

Hers was an active life. She was for several years teacher of public schools in Vermont, then about the year 1837 she went to Lowell, Mass., transferring her church membership to St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church there, where she ever afterwards held her church relation. For several years she followed nursing in Lowell and Boston, then studied medicine, graduating an M. D. from a Boston college, and made the practice of medicine in Lowell her life-work.

She was early identified with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and planned, gave and worked much for its prosperity. She was always an ardent friend of ZION'S HERALD, and a reader from its commencement. When a student at Newbury Seminary she became acquainted with, and a personal friend of, some of its early editors, and contributed some to its columns in its early days. She never lost her zeal for her church paper, and for many years provided it not only for herself, but for others less fortunate, and, retaining her mental faculties, was permitted to enjoy hearing it read till within a few weeks of her translation. G.

Benton. — On the evening of Sept. 23, 1903, the beautiful spirit of Sarah Adelaide Benton took its flight from South Manchester, Conn., to her heavenly home.

She was the only daughter of Rev. Sanford Benton and Abigail Kenneson, and was born in the parsonage at Mystic Bridge, Conn., Nov. 22, 1842. Her maternal ancestors were among the very early families in the New England colonies. Her father was for twenty-two years connected with the Providence Conference (now the New England Southern), and was one of its beloved and most highly-respected members. In 1862, while in the prime of his ministry, he was transferred to the higher activities of heaven. He was a cousin of Rev. Erastus Benton, whose son, the late Rev. Josiah T. Benton, and grandson, Rev. Stephen Olin Benton, D. D., were members of the same Conference. Upon the death of her husband Mrs. Benton, with her daughter, made her home in South Manchester, Conn., with her only son, Sanford M. Benton. Two very successful pastorates had been served in the church of that place, and the family was beloved by the entire community.

Miss Benton had been gifted with a singularly fine mind, and in girlhood her opportunities for education were improved. After graduating from the high school in Cambridge, Mass., she taught for six years in the public schools of Charlestown. Her success in the Harvard Grammar School is remembered after thirty years by those who were associated with her, as being remarkable. Her future as an eminently successful educator was brilliant with promise, when suddenly her health failed. For a year the position was held open to her, but she remained for twenty-eight years a suffering invalid, in the home of her brother in South Manchester. During all these years she exemplified the most beautiful traits of Christian character, and the memory of her presence in the home is as a sweet benediction. Out of weakness there came forth, as the unfolding of a rarely beautiful flower, this superb character.

In her school-days she gave her heart to Christ, though she did not unite with the church until the 4th of November, 1866, in South Manchester. She was thoroughly loyal to her friends, the family, and her church, with all its benevolent interests. With eager interest and wise intelligence she watched the development of all the activities of the church, and was especially devoted to the cause of foreign missions. Her rare judgment and conscientious

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loyalty made her always a valued counselor to her pastor. Her appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art was indicated in the exquisite refinement of her taste. Careful and concise in her use of words, she was a writer of exceptionally fine English. "The Records of a Hundred Years" — a published history of the South Manchester Church — which was prepared by her, is a model of accuracy and choice diction.

About three years ago, when seemingly recovering from her long invalidism, she visited friends in Cleveland and Chicago, but upon returning grew worse, and gradually her life waned to its close. Her beautiful unselfishness was manifest in all her suffering, of which she never spoke, lest it might seem to mar the happiness of others. Her pastor, Rev. Wm. F. Davis, conducted a beautifully simple and appropriate service in the home where her presence had been so long a benediction, and the burial was in Mount Hope Cemetery, Boston, by the side of her beloved parents.

JULIAN S. WADSWORTH.

Whitcomb. — William E. Whitcomb was born in Sweden, Maine, Jan. 8, 1823, and died in Fryeburg, Me., Oct. 10, 1903, being in the 81st year of his age. He was the last of a family of twelve children born to Paul and Sally Whitcomb.

The writer was appointed pastor of the charge of which Fryeburg was a part in the year 1883, and found Mr. Whitcomb a member of the official board of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that place, loyal to the highest religious principles of our church, according to the Discipline and in all the possibilities of faith and grace. He was ever opposed to innovations of a worldly nature in aid of provisions of church work. When he gave his opinion, it was worthy; when he rendered judgment, it was generally correct and Biblical. His Christian life and walk were singularly upright — his conversation clean as becometh a Christian — without habits to clog his work in the Gospel. He stood nobly for the Master until death. He has finished his warfare and has entered the Christian soldier's "haven of rest."

His end was hastened by that subtle and relentless foe of human life, Bright's disease of the kidneys. Naturally a man of strong constitution, yet for the last two years it was very marked to his friends that he was gradually weakening, both in his mental and physical powers, under the grasp of that unyielding enemy.

He leaves two sons — Henry, of Sanford, Me., and Fremont, of Fryeburg — and two daughters, one the wife of Rev. F. C. Potter, of the Maine Conference, the other, Mrs. Ida Richardson, of Fryeburg.

The funeral services were held in the Congregational church in Fryeburg (there being no longer a Methodist society at the village), on Tuesday, Oct. 13, all the children being present and together for the first time since the wife and mother died twenty-one years ago. Rev. Mr. Pitts, the pastor, conducted the preliminary exercises very sympathetically, and Rev. M. B. Greenhalgh preached the sermon. The remains were laid at rest in the cemetery in Fryeburg village beside the companion who had gone on before. He truly was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost.

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Editorial

Continued from Page 1524

any one writer a negligible quantity? So long as the personal equation in criticism is so potent a factor in determining "views," we may not hesitate to oppose to Dr. Lilliefors' minimum estimate of the amount of Christ in the New Testament the maximum estimate of the orthodox school which finds that inspired "collection" to be full of Christ — fairly a saturated solution of His teaching.

Dr. Lilliefors subjoins to his article an interesting statement and analysis of the extra-canonical "words," or "oracles," of Jesus, commonly called "logia," which have been discovered at different times, some of which diverge but slightly from the canonical gospels, and others of which by their elevated tone may well have been echoes of its teachings. The best known of these "logia" are those of Oxyrhynchus — so-called from the ancient Egyptian site where they were found. The report of a still newer discovery has just reached America — a find made by Grenfell and Hunt in a rich Ptolemaic necropolis at El Hibeh, near Cairo, in Egypt. One or two of the "sayings" thus discovered, apparently addressed to St. Thomas, are rather remarkable. The most noteworthy one is as follows: "Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder; and wondering he shall reach the kingdom, and when he reaches the kingdom he shall have rest." There is in this saying a startling suggestion of the thought that philosophy began in wonder, since curiosity as to the processes of nature first led the Greeks to reflect. If philosophy begins in wonder, so (according to this saying) does piety. Another saying, "Woe unto you, scribes, for ye have hidden the key of knowledge. Ye entered not in yourselves, and to them that were entering in ye did not open," appears to be a somewhat different phrasing of Luke 11:52. It is too early to form any estimate of the real value of this discovery, which some of the daily papers with a zeal which is more sensational than Scriptural have been exploiting — papers that would if they could make headlines out of heaven itself — and extravagant hopes must not be entertained of deriving from sources outside the canonical gospels any very important addition to the very complete picture of Jesus Christ which is presented in the New Testament.

East and South

Continued from page 1531

gines that were driving us. The signal indicator was set at "*toute*," showing that we were going ahead at full speed. The engineer noticed my interest and was courteous to me. He informed me that his engines worked up to 4,800 horse-power, and covered the distance of nearly twenty-seven miles in about an hour and a quarter. The favorite vessel of the line — the turbine steamer "Queen" — was hauled up for repairs. Learning that I was connected with the United States Navy, he became greatly interested, asking lots of questions and giving me much fresh information incidentally of navies abroad. The warning bell called him to his post. We were off Calais. Smiling a good by to him, I went on deck. The seasick passengers were pulling themselves together and following after. It had, indeed, been a rough passage, but it was over. The "Commodore," "Budgie" and "Dot" appeared, not much the worse for wear. Stout porters took our hand-luggage to the *Duane*, where the usual questions were asked and answered, a bag or two opened, then each one "chalked," and the porters put them on the train. We hadn't much French in our little party, but that little went a good way. Our francs, judiciously used, went even farther. We had a compartment to ourselves and every attention shown us till we reached, at about seven o'clock (eight hours after leaving London), the Gare du Nord. Here our trunks were inspected by the custom-house officers and piled on top of a 'bus, and we were driven through brilliant *boulevards* and *rues* to the Chatham, an old but first-class hotel, built round an open court, with a *maitre* and *concierge* who welcomed us in excellent English ("Budgie" and "Dot" had stopped here), showed us to our rooms, and shortly after seated us at a dining-table whose *menu* and subsequent dishes sustained the reputation of the house as having one of the best *chefs* in Paris.

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